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SKETCHES

OF

THE POLISH MIND.

THE LEGEND OF PRZYIEMSKI'S RACE, AN HISTORICAL POEM OF
THE TIME OF KING JOHN III. (SOBIESKI.)—PASSAGES FROM
THE HUNGARIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE OF 1848-9,
MUSINGS OF AN EXILE.

BY

COLONEL J. PRZYIEMSKI,

Member of the Polish Historical Association of London.

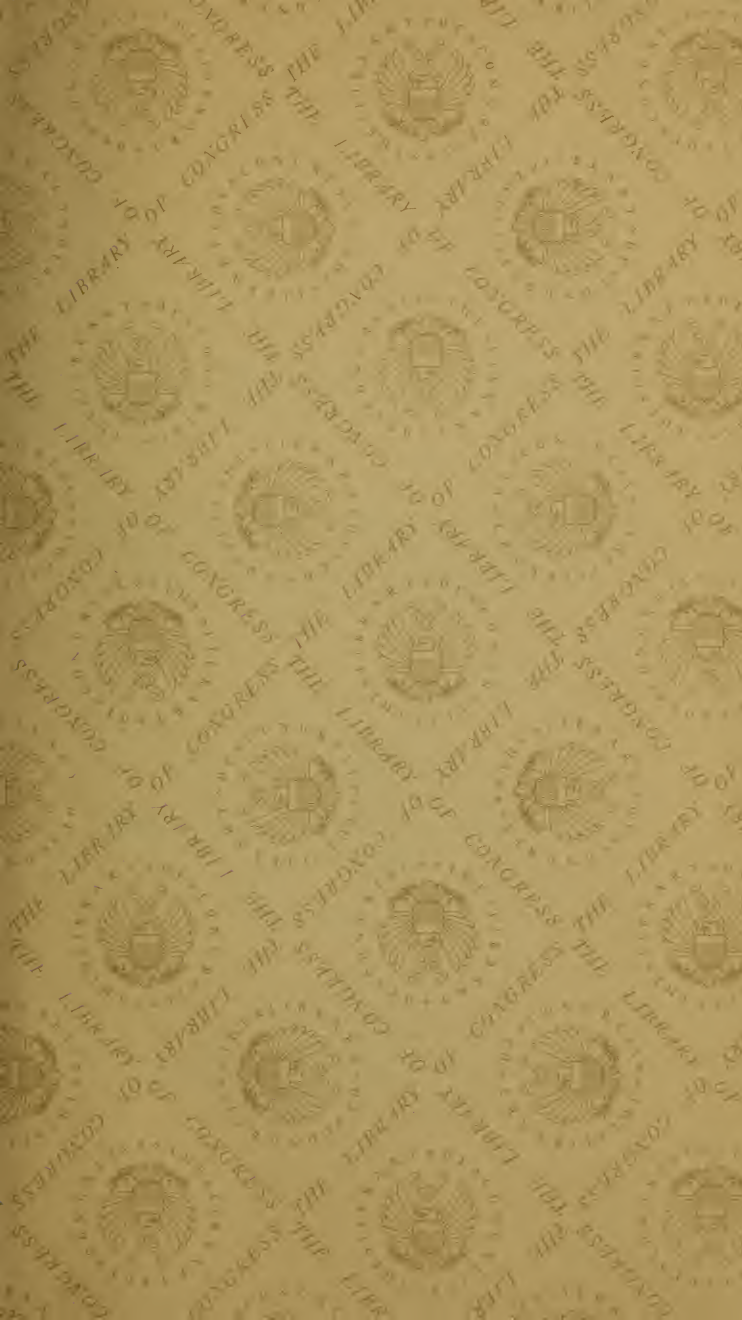
LONDON

WILLIAM & FREDERICK G. CASH,

5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

1857.





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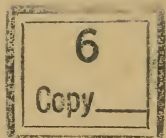
BY
Henry Rawley
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DEDICATION.

TO

The Inhabitants of Isakow,

ONCE MY SUBJECTS, STILL I HOPE MY FRIENDS :

TO

The Banks of the old river Dniester,

WHERE MY DAUGHTER WAS BORN :

TO

The town of Carnopol,

IN WHOSE CASTLE I FIRST SAW THE LIGHT, AND WHERE MY
MOTHER RESIDES :

THESE SIGHS OF THE HEART ARE DEDICATED

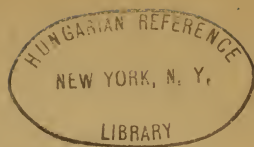
BY

J. P.

"Cum subit illius tristissimæ noctis imago,
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit;
Cum repeto noctem, qua tot mihi cara reliqui;
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis."

OVID.





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P R E F A C E.

“ Similis simili gaudet.”—*Proverb.*

SOONER or later England must either join partnership with Russia, in the government of Europe, on a system analogous to that of the East India Company, so congenial to the favourite wishes of the Czar ; or the magnanimous instincts of her people will prevail over the selfish suggestions of men, English in name, but un-English in meanness of spirit and short-sighted policy, and will make use of the strength of her civilization against barbarism ; of her wealth obtained by industry, against poverty existing in spite of oppression, robbery, and the incurring of debts ; of her stability of government, based on the love of the nation for a noble Queen, against the Colossus on straw feet,* kept upon them merely by cruel tyranny, while the volcano of the racked nations' despair is mining the ground beneath it. The nation which conquered at Waterloo, will, for the benefit of mankind, do away with Russian preponderance—the overbearing power of the nation vanquished at Moscow.

* This is a name given by the Poles to Russia.

England, by means of sound diplomacy, more effectual than any appeal to arms, must do away with Russia, and would thus receive the thanks of Europe for a durable peace, based on firm and just constitutional government throughout its several countries. The just influence of England cannot exist in the same hemisphere as that of Russia ; since night and day, freedom and thralldom, a conquest-seeking and war-breathing tyrant, and a commercial, just and peaceable people, are utterly irreconcilable. Twilight is but the wrestling of two contrary powers ; for moments they may seem to blend, but finally they part for the antipodes ; and when day and summer brighten the vales of Europe, night and winter brood over the plains of Australia. England must extinguish Russia, or become her partner in the spoils of Europe, and her imitator at home ; for either constitutional government or despotic misrule will eventually prevail.

Those who have keen eyes and observant minds for national feelings and politics, and who are acquainted with the past history of Poland, and her former position in Europe as a bulwark against despotism, will not for a moment doubt that by her restoration alone can England impose an effectual check upon Russia. Whether such a check on

Muscovite ferocity is needed, is there any room to question? Ask the annals of the Spanish Inquisition by what diabolical contrivances the bodies of its victims were enabled to endure such fearful tortures, and still live on for the final agony of the stake. Ask the Czar how the ukase is worded which provides that not one of so many thousands condemned to receive from five hundred to three thousand lashes each, should escape by death from enduring the full number. Knowing the amount of blood which the moral and physical frame may lose without losing vitality also, the Czar to-day, no less than the Inquisition in past times, contrives to wring out the full measure.

But whether England become the sun of peace and freedom to Europe, or the moon-like satellite revolving round the earth where Russia reigns, it is important for her to become acquainted with the character of a nation, destined either to be her partner in pacifying and re-organising Europe, or the victim of her victorious lion in the sordid company of the spread eagle.

But too long has the voice of the Polish exile kept the English ear: let the naturalized Englishman say a word of English business to his adopted countrymen: let us meet on common ground. England is the best organized, the wealthiest, the

most powerful, and the happiest country of Europe : wherefore, then, the cry of its people for reform ? What has hindered these reforms from already having existence ? War ! the enemy of civilisation, the destroyer of commerce, the deceiver of nations languishing in slavery, who cling to it ; war, whose motto is “*Inter arma silent leges.*”

Whence comes the storm which brings the thunderbolt of war ? Look into the clouds of darkness overhanging Europe ; in the midst of them you will perceive a two-headed monster throwing bribes to all who will take them, and to those who will not, speaking the language of the serpent. For ages one of his heads has been turned toward France ; saying to her, “*Mistrust the British lion ; when he shows you a friendly face, he longs to have your lilies for himself, he looks out for an opportunity to devour your cock, a wave of his mighty tail will destroy your bee-hives.*” The other head is turned toward the British lion, while he thus warns him : “*Beware of friendship with those on the other side of the water ; their royal lilies contain poison to destroy thee, their republican cock crows treason and envy against thee, their imperial bees will sting thee.*” Meanwhile his covetous eye is fixed on India, where the Muscovite spirit of the Company’s government prepares the way for the Czar, who at

the first rumour of the Anglo-French alliance tried to oppose it with the paltry power of a despot, till, smarting with the blow that rewarded his fruitless efforts, he retreated to hide the mark of it beneath the jewels of his coronation, cowed, but not conquered ; suffering, but nursing thoughts of speedy revenge ; speaking, through Gorczakow's lips, the language of one who feels himself unvanquished ; and, almost before the ink of his written treason has had time to dry, plotting against those who from love of peace spared his country. Soon England will again be compelled to make preparations for war ; again the exchequer will be charged, not to provide schools, or to aid in salutary reforms, but for the hiring of Germans to fight for England, or to guard her while her people fight abroad. Again the English must put a stop to the consideration of the internal affairs of the nation for debates on the war : again, English hands, instead of working at home to increase the wealth and power of their blessed land, will be employed in campaigns, of which the fruit will be lost by a false move of the pen.

Oh, Englishmen, it was a political blunder to enter upon the war just terminated ; but, the sword once drawn, it was a crime to sheathe it so untimely, after having directed it to the wrong place in company with comrades unlike yourselves, bragging of fight, but plundering under the shelter of your arms !

England, beware of the evil policy of half-measures, of bad company in a noble walk. Either join the chief robber, without associating with his subordinates, or call upon the name of an oppressed brother, and the very sound of thy voice will rouse the fainting one and break the yoke of the tyrant.

History, if not falsified by the personal feelings of the historian, or perverted for political aims, tells us facts as they were—as God permitted them; but it is only through legends and poetry that we can ascertain how nations have understood them—how they wished them to have happened. It is the literature of a people that is the reflection of its mind.

Full of the thought that, for England's political prosperity, an acquaintance with the literature of Poland is important; I propose undertaking the translation of a series of Polish characteristic literary works, and commence my task with the following essay, which though in English scarcely answering to the appellation of "song," has lost its poetic garb merely through translation; a necessary change, since there is so little analogy between the two languages.

The brevity of the first few chapters is explained by the fact that they are simply designed as chronological steps, leading, to use a figure of speech, down to the hall of the poem.

It has been written in England, where the war-like spirit of the writer has been softened by truly Christian influences among the Society of Friends ; it has no excitement for war for its aim, but, on the contrary, shows its terrible consequences, and demonstrates the sources of it in the want of religious training on the one hand, and tyranny on the other. But though the writer has learnt in happy England to look for help more to God than to arms, his thoughts, heavy with the fetters of Poland, cling to earth, causing the conviction, that, while the Almighty can by a single word cause light to be, he may yet also be pleased to ordain that the trumpets of war should sound before the gentler voice of his mercy is heard ; “*Naturam furca expellas.*”

INTRODUCTION.

“ Si qua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitiosa libellis ;
Excusata suo tempore, lector habe.
Exul eram ; requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est ;
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
Hoc est, cur cantet vinctus quoque compede fossor.”
Ovidius : Trist. lib. iv. eleg. 1.

POLAND, placed on the border of civilized Europe, screened it for centuries from the firebrands of the Mussulman, and sheltered it from the blast of Muscovite barbarism and the footprints of crushing despotism. Though her people, naturally peaceable and poetic, were inclined to agriculture, yet their patriotism and their love of liberty, their position in Europe, and their social relation to the Slavonian family—standing as it were at its fireside—alike compelled them to become a warlike nation. They were surrounded by foes : in the van appeared Mahomet and the Czar, with their religious and political heresies ; in the rear was the German race, calling itself the holy Romish-German empire, led by its holy Romish-German Emperor, in partnership with the holy father the Pope of Rome, all

threatening Europe with their joint-stock pretensions to supremacy and universal despotism, requiring blind obedience in spiritual and temporal matters, and bent upon the destruction of the Slavonic races in particular. The Poles, though loving their kings with a loyalty equal to that of Englishmen now, as distinguished from other European nations—among whom the word has either become obsolete, or is used as another term for the base flattery of courtiers—yet took good care to spare them the temptation of becoming unworthy of that love, and suffered no standing army, which is only ruinous to the national finances, and the tool of despots in power, or pretending to it, (for blind obedience is the “*conditio sine qua non*” of a well-disciplined army); neither did they keep foreign hirelings, considering them as they did a nursery of deserters in the field, and as the Pandora box of corruption of manners when in garrison in time of peace; but, with hearts beating with love to God, with mankind for their armour, and with duty for their banner, they fought their battles themselves—the battles of the Slavonians, of Europe, and of Christendom. The sacrifice of property and life became the first privilege of the Polish nobleman, who, fighting at his own private expense, under the personal leadership of his king, saw more of his horse than of his home, and had

his sabre at his side oftener than his wife and children.

Considering themselves and their possessions as public property, the people of Poland styled her a republic; but, as their national good sense made them feel that, under such circumstances, one leading hand, covered with the glove of majesty, and able to rule and fight simultaneously, was an absolute necessity, they elected a king by unanimous consent; and thus Poland was for ages at once a kingdom from its form of government, and a republic in the freedom of its institutions and the Spartan virtue of its inhabitants. And here I would repeat, that, while other nations fought merely at the caprice of their kings, the Poles became a warlike people purely from political necessity, and from love of duty.

England—surrounded with seas, and unruffled by the storms that shook the rest of Europe—has had time to ripen in its national politics more than any other nation. After having fought her own internal battles, through which every rising nation must pass, as every individual must go through certain infantile diseases, she was undisturbed by Europe in making experiment of the protectorship of Cromwell, in recrowning the Stuarts, in expelling them and the Romish superstitions together, and in choosing a new dynasty suited to her wants and desires. Her people have arrived at the happy

possibility of sitting at ease in their armchairs, and reading of war in the newspapers ; and, unless by their own particular desire, or by a political blunder of their government, have no need to meddle with arms, except for raising funds to manufacture them for other nations, driven by despots and despair into the field of battle. Even if evil associates delude England into fancying war an agreeable sport, only those enrol themselves in her army who choose to do so, and these consist of two classes only—the lowest orders of the people, who enlist for pay ; and those members of the aristocracy, who, distrusting their capabilities of distinguishing themselves in parliament or civil employment, prefer to buy a commission. So that in England to be a soldier is not a privilege, but merely a choice of business.

For centuries Russia's intrigues succeeded in deceiving England's kings and people into the idea that France, its natural ally, should be considered as a jealous rival and deadly enemy ; the ripened national good sense got rid of it, (as it will I hope of many other things,) and though, unhappily, England mistook Buonaparte the Third for France, alliance for an obligation in joining him in an impolitic and hypocritical war ; yet by this she has learnt the invaluable lesson, that patriotism may consist in love of peace no less than in valour—that, while in

case of national necessity there will be no want of heroic minds and gallant arms to defend her fire-sides, Nelsons and Wellingtons are not to be obtained by appointment of Downing Street—that, though great and powerful, she is not a warlike nation, and her mission is not to help despots to

“ Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven

“ As make the angels weep ;”

but to set Europe the example of liberty and order, based on commerce, industry and religion.

Language is the mirror of the heart no less than of the intellect ; hence the spirit of every language necessarily bears the impress of national feelings and necessities, and thus arises the true difference of idioms. It is difficult to translate into the language of a happy, free, and commercial people, that of one agonized, oppressed, and warlike—Polish into English. Therefore, reader, if thou art looking for literary pleasure only, throw away at once a work which with such an object in view is less than mediocre. But, if the remembrance that we are told to love even our enemies, awake a desire to know something of those who look upon England as a future friend in need—if the thought that of them to whom much is given much will be required, give rise to the conviction that, while the republic of San Marino, with less public and private wealth than one second-class banker in London ; Turkey,

more powerless than ever was England, even in the miserable times of Roman invasion ; France, with scarcely more freedom than the prisoners at Newgate ; have no power to promote the reign of justice, liberty and religion among other nations ; God requires higher duties from thy happier country—if, I say, these thoughts make thy heart beat with earnest sympathy and national pride, then the following lines, unfolding and illustrating as they do the Polish character, will have at least some attraction for thee, as an Englishman, as a politician, and as a well-wisher to mankind. Even the sketch of superstitions and errors, following in the wake of despotism and persecution, and leading a nation worthy of a better fate to unbelief and despair, may not be uninteresting as contrasted with English freedom in the choice of a mode of worshiping God, and of ruling the various departments of the country.

The writer would fain express himself in better arranged words, but has too much trust in the often experienced indulgence he has met with during his five years' stay in England (whose naturalized son he feels happy to be) to lay down his awkward pen, and by his love and loyalty alike for the land of his birth as for that of his refuge, he would fain be the herald of sympathy between them—between Poland, warlike through the crimes of men, and England, peace-loving by the Grace of God.

PART I.

WHAT I HAVE READ.



CHAPTER I.

TO A DROWSY FRIEND.

“Il faut des lauriers aux héros.”—*Parry*.

DROWSY thou art and dost not blush for it. Is it thy mind or thy heart that sleeps? Methinks it will be vain to sing to thee of the deeds of thy fathers—those monuments of our earlier glory—for though of their race, thou art not of their mind; and, lost in careless apathy, thou hast become indifferent alike to the laurels of fame and to the flowers of chivalry. But before I crush my lute, I will wander through the length and breadth of my Fatherland, bewailing her fate; and will not suffer my hopes to be silenced, nor my faith in mankind to fail, till I have convinced myself that a song of Poland has no longer any power to arouse Polish thoughts, and ceases even to awake a sigh.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GERMAN KNIGHTS INTO
POLAND.

“La force injuste et des lauriers sans gloire.”

Les Rosecroix : Parny.

CONRAD of Mazowia introduced into Poland the German knights, to assist her in fighting against the heathen. With the intention of benefiting his country, he irreparably injured her by cherishing in his bosom a serpent that poisoned for ages her faith, and exhausted her by wars, robberies, and exactions; blighting the good sense of the nation with Romish-German prejudices, and ruining their politics through intrigues with the German Emperors and the Popes.

But well does every son and daughter of Poland know the history and the misfortunes of those times. I will not, therefore, sing either of the woes which racked, nor of the heroism which ennobled her, in the days following upon the introduction of those fatal knights of the German order; but will tune my lyre to another, and, alas! a yet sadder strain.

CHAPTER III.

ON PARTY SPIRIT.

“ Quid juvat errorem mersa jam puppe fateri ;
Quid lachrymæ delicta levant ? ”

In Eutropium : Claudian.

POLAND, though still breathing, is laid in a three-fold grave. Thousands of her people wear the sable dress of orphans, and her warriors pine in exile, or perish in dungeons. But those who survive, cease not, in spite of all their sufferings, to hope, to long, and to look upward and around them, to God and to their fellow-men, for aid for their country, while working for her restoration ; would that truth did not compel me to add, that foreign influences hinder our fatherland from profiting by the martyrdom of its children ! Whilst gathering herbs for a healing draught for Mother Poland, the Pole met with the poisonous weed of wrongly understood democracy, growing luxuriously on the banks of the Seine, and culled the bitter leaves which had already wrought so much evil in their native land, to the misery and woe of her he sought to cure. In the despair occasioned by her sufferings, she swallowed the noxious potion ; contrary prejudices were called into life, the pos-

sessors of which—false prophets indeed!—prophecy Poland's salvation by so-called sympathising governments; for the spirit of disunion, under the mask of would-be democratic associations, after having blown up the exiles' stronghold of unison, has not only loaded the national tumult with scattered wrecks of political parties, but has quickened the firebrands of pretensions, almost cooled beneath the ashes of time, and, deceiving the weak-minded and dividing the sincere, has caused grief at home, and gives rise to ill-feeling amongst the exiles. Thus have our own sins kept back our salvation.



CHAPTER IV.

WE WANT BUT UNION.

“But oh, vain judgment and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points to the free.”

Faerie Queen.

THE evil spirit of Gurowski's race* extended to its later scions. His name has been stamped with infamy by our ancestors. At the time of the par-

* Gurowski, the name of a Polish noble family distinguished in their fatherland in ancient times. During the partition of Poland, the head of the family forsook the traditional virtues of his race, and even rendered assistance to the three allied

tition of Poland, his offspring aided our oppressors, with fratricidal hands, in pouring the poison of envy into the hearts of unfortunate brothers, and sharpening the knives for the bloodbath of Galicia, in 1846. The grandson's treason was of a deeper dye than the perfidy of the grandsire: he organized a Cain's league.

It is in vain to call plots such as these, bonds of brotherhood; for there is no bond where love is wanting, and egotists have no brothers. The forged name can only delude fools, and fails to mask the baseness of purpose.

Poland requires no other bond but that of faith, hope and love: union would make her invincible, but party spirit weakens her. In olden times the Poles organized leagues; before the remembrance of them vanishes, I will sing to you of one in the reign of good King Jagiello and of Hedwig his lovely queen.

cowards. His great-grandchild, Adam Gurowski, was the founder of the so-called centralization in Paris, (17th of March, 1832,) which gave rise to party spirit among the exiles. The name sounds now in the Polish ear like a remembrance of pain.

CHAPTER V.

THE SLAVONIAN LEAGUE AGAINST THE GERMANS.

“Cum feris bestiis res est.”—*Q. Curtius*.

THIS was not a league of the lower classes against their betters, nor one of servants in the pay of a powerful family, like those of the present day; it was not against fellow-countrymen, but against a common foe.

Jagiello's first and most anxious care was to bind together Lithuania and Poland with ties of sisterly love, so durable, though soft, that they could not be severed either by the sword of misfortune or the weight of neighbouring despotism. Poland felt happy in the possession of such a king; but she was not destined to enjoy this happiness undisturbed.

The rapacity of the German knights grew to open rebellion against their liege and king; they fired and put to the sword towns and villages, for the service of which they were hired by a grant of lands. Their secret plots undermined Poland, and the power and ill-got riches of the hirelings grew to such a pitch, that their hirers dared not reprove them openly; for while the fickle-minded Pope condemned and protected them by turns, the

German Emperors plotted with them constantly, and, under pretence of protecting their countrymen, interfered in Polish politics. But in olden times the welfare of their dear country was wont to fill the hearts of our ancestors, leaving no room for other considerations.

The patriots, seeing that Emperor and Pope (whose influence entangled the whole of Europe in the nets of St. Peter) were easily to be bribed by the armed monks and an army of their countrymen, always ready to be hired, united skill with virtue, called the Polish and Lithuanian nobles to assemble in a secret parliament, and sent ambassadors to all the Slavonian nations, whose men of fame and standing hastened to join the common cause. Among them was Ziszka, the follower of John Huss, and the apostle and hero of Prague.

He advised them with all his heart to act in concert against the common enemy of the Slavonian race, and promised to lead his followers wherever the music of a sword clashing death to the Germans should delight his ears. With tears standing in his single eye, and rolling from the empty socket of the lost one, he embraced all the Poles, recommending them fidelity to God and to their country, and exhorting them to be the nucleus of the Slavonian league against the rapacious and bigoted

Germans. He insisted upon Jagiello's being chosen chief of this now sworn confederation, which made it binding upon all, as well individually as collectively, to cleanse their countries from this intolerable scourge of foreign parasites. The good King Jagiello was proud and happy to accept this proof of trust in him and in Poland. He called the whole of the nobility of Lithuania and Poland to arms without delay. Ziszka joined them immediately, leading the Bohemians and Moravians. The neighbouring Tartars hastened at the first news of war against the swordbearing priests, whose treachery they had but too often experienced, and the victory won at the battle of Grünwald (equal in importance with that of Leipsic in later times) was the first glorious deed of the Slavonian League recorded in the page of history.

The current of Europe's destiny was turned by the laurels of Grünwald, which formed a dam against the Germans' hankering after supremacy. The weed of priesthood dealing in arms, if not entirely rooted out, lost at least the power of its poison, and Poland became the lighthouse of the Slavonian waters, with Europe's eye turned toward it in awe and admiration.

And here the proud beatings of my heart will not allow me to remain silent on the fact that the

Grünwald field of glory was the grave of two Przyiemskis, who fell there, leading our nobility to die for Poland's freedom under the eyes of their beloved king, who himself scarcely escaped death, sheltered by Zbigniew Olesnicki's broken lance from the deadly blow of the Grand Master's sacrilegious sword, aimed at the head of his liege lord. Ziszka, who had but just formed a friendship with the two brothers Przyiemski, dismounted to console them in their last moments with the remembrance of the Heavenly King, who rewards the sacrifice of life for freedom; while their earthly monarch, Jagiello, could but bewail the departed heroes, and cause them to be buried on the spot where they expired.

God of my ancestors! this double-winged prayer rises to thy feet. Let thy mercy look upon their motives, if thou approvest not the taking of arms even in such a holy cause; otherwise permit me too, oh God of armies, to die for Poland, sword in hand!

Ye false apostles of the mistaken creed of equality, preached by the French revolutionists, consider! Since the dead letter of history, mentioning our ancestors' glorious names, exalts the mind—since the age of the tree dignifies its branches and covers them with leaves of readiness for sacrifice—since mention of the fathers excites noble thoughts in the sons, ought not you, and the mob of turncoats, your

neophytes, rather to raise your hands to the *Lord of lords* in prayer, to prop the ancient stem, than to seize the hatchet of murder against those who, by God's will, and because of their own public merits, are your betters? Ought you not to join them in cleansing the tree from poisonous insects, instead of introducing them there? Be noble in your deeds, leave noble remembrances to your sons, and envy will soon find you deaf to its spiteful suggestions. If our family chronicles have leaves of laurel for us, they are at once charters of high and difficult duties, obliging us to keep step with those from whom we are proud to descend. Do the same; supply the book of history with illustrations of your virtue; make yourselves distinguished and you will be considered so, and your children will rejoice to sing your justly-earned praises.

Closed for a time is Poland's book in Europe's wormeaten bookcase; the finger of the law cannot now point you out the line where Poland rewards with old coats of arms recent noble deeds; but the precious volume is preserved in our hearts, in the ever sound edition of the public conscience: therefore, once more, I repeat, be noble, and, as a grateful acknowledgment of your countrymen, you will receive the title of brother in the book of heraldry kept by our hearts, for those who share, like brothers, our sacrifices and our dangers.



CHAPTER VI.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE LEAGUE.

"Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form."

Pleasures of Hope.

THE lightning of the league pierced the clouds of darkness which, through the German Order, gathered over Poland's political horizon. The power of those unworthy priests was effectually broken; but the league continued to be in force till the time of King Michael.

Little dreamed Michael Wisnowiecki, when a youth entering the league, that soon from the throne of Poland a German king would communicate by dumb show with the Polish people; little thought our forefathers (ever ready to love their kings) at the beginning of this Saxon pantomime, that "the Saxon princes would but accustom the sober Poles to hard drinking," as history and the proverb relate. Soon was the wrong forgotten and blotted out from the Polish heart, which scorns revenge; the reason of its grief removed, it was found ready to pardon and open to love. This shortened the duration of the league, its enemy becoming smooth when without power to do harm; and when

John III. succeeded Michael to the Polish crown, the once powerful confederation existed only in name. Its few remaining members protested, in a bold and manly speech, to the king—who was just preparing to march to the relief of Vienna, besieged by the Turks—reminding him that it was his duty to fight the Germans rather than to help them, since he was a Polish king and not a German captain; to which the king answered, that his duty as a Christian demanded of him this homage to the cross. He was just mounting his horse to take the head of the Polish army—for our kings led their troops in person—when Alexander Przyemski, one of the deputed members of the league, presented him with the charter of the oath, which the king had sworn upon the crucifix and signed with his hand and seal when joining the league. The monarch replied to him thus: “My lord and brother, the crucifix now and ever is my leader. It is not to help the Germans that I leave Warsaw, but to vie with them as to who shall most effectually defend the faith of our fathers—the faith of Christ. And such is the will of the holy father of Rome, expressed through his ambassador, the Count Wiltschek, who was sent to beg me for help; otherwise the Emperor would have entreated me in vain.”

Thus the intrigues of Vienna, in partnership with those of Rome, dug the grave of Poland with the swords of her own sons; and here ends the history of the Slavonian league against the Germans, which lasted from the time of good King Jagiello to the accession of Saxon princes to the Polish throne. The remaining members resolved not to enrol any new ones, and spent the remainder of their lives at their own firesides, refusing to take part in any public business. Though the king had acted contrary to his oath, they remained faithful to theirs, and prayed God that he would permit future events to falsify their forebodings, that this expedition of King John to Vienna would prove a stab more in Poland's heart. Alas! the dearly bought fame won by it to the Polish name, and crying shame upon the Germans' ingratitude, shows how love of country sometimes supplies the place of the spirit of prophecy. But the world listens to power alone, and not to merit and virtue: the fame of Poland in the service of Christendom and of Europe, may cry itself hoarse; her sister nations are deaf from egotism; her tears excite only the sneers of the Germans, who now supply kings, and husbands for the princesses, of almost all the thrones of Europe.

CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDER PRZYIEMSKI'S LAST WILL.

"The bones of the dead will rise against you."

A Polish Poem.

PRZYEMA and Rawicz were, from time immemorial, the domains of Przyiemski's race; thence were derived their name and titles. In later times, during the reigns of King Michael and John III., Kuzmin became their chief residence. Passing into the hands of Germans, Kuzmin assumed the appearance of a bird's nest in autumn—dull, empty and desolate.

A Prussian field-marshal became the lord of these estates; when he first arrived and alighted at the castle of Kuzmin, having heard the legend of the grave of one of its former lords, who died more than one hundred years ago, he desired to see it, and went one morning to the church where the tomb stood: there he saw a silver coffin with a glass lid, upon a marble pedestal; within it lay Alexander Przyiemski, the last lord of this name who resided in Kuzmin: a healthy-looking face, bristling with fierce moustaches, peered out of a Polish square cap; his dress consisted of an upper garment of

crimson velvet, called "Kontoosh;" an underdress of satin of the same colour, called "Zupan," descending to the yellow Cordovan leather boots; a sabre, called "Carabella," was fastened to his belt of cloth of gold, the handle of which was grasped by his right hand, whilst his left rested on the belt. The dead man looked life-like—the Prussian saw it but scarcely believed his own eyes, and, to convince himself, he touched rudely with his sword the moustache of the corpse. Lo! it opened its eyes, and cast a glance which made the German turn pale. As though thunderstruck, he stood for a moment rooted to the ground, then dropped in a swoon. When his followers had carried away their unconscious master, and he had recovered his senses in the castle porch, he ordered his horses immediately, without even entering the castle, and never returned to Kuzmin.

After the departure of the field-marshal and his suite, as evening approached, curiosity gathered the inmates of the castle at the fireside of the old sexton of the church at Kuzmin, who explained the events of the day in the following words:—

"My late grandfather (a nobleman, sirs, though in the service of another, which did him honour rather than anything else) was keeper of the wardrobe of the late Lord Alexander Przyiemski,

who bore the title of Castellan.* Well, then, in the time of King John III., (thus related my dear grandfather. I cannot remember those times, but you may believe it as if you had seen it with your own eyes ; for the dear old man gave his word of honour, ‘and so do I,’ that each word of this narrative is true,) when the King marched to the relief of Vienna, my Lord Alexander (on his return from Warsaw) settled for good in Kuzmin ; but he never could enjoy himself,—never well, always sulky and murmuring prayers in Latin, scolding in Polish, and ever harping on the old theme of the king helping the Germans, contrary to his oath, and injurious to the well-being of Poland. Well, my Lord felt a presentiment of his approaching death, and wrote down his last will on the feast-day of the glorification of the Holy Virgin. In this will he bequeathed Kuzmin, with all his other estates and property, to the Church, to be used as monasteries, on condition of returning them eventually to the last of his name. This last Przyemski was bound, by the will, to employ all his wealth in the service of God, for the destruction of the German oppressors of Poland. ‘He would be permitted,’ thus prophesied my Lord, ‘to revive through deeds

* Castellany was one of the high Crown offices, giving to the bearer about the same rank as Peer of England ; but, like all other offices of state in Poland, was not hereditary.

of military valour the ancient splendour of his name, and having passed through every possible misfortune in his younger days, would die, well meriting the immortalizing of his name, through the gratitude of his country.' If he were mistaken, may God pardon him this error, and all others, if he had any! Well, when my Lord had made his will, he ordered my grandfather and his family physician, whom he honoured with his particular confidence, to take this will, and several other documents, to the Prince Archbishop of Gniezno, Primate of Poland (whom my Lord had appointed his executor), with instructions to pass it on to his successors. My Lord sent also a letter of invitation to the Primate to come over to Kuzmin, to prepare him for his approaching death, and to receive his last confession. When my grandfather returned with the Primate from Gniezno, they found in Kuzmin a crowd of noblemen from the neighbourhood, making the castle appear like an inn. My Lord, very ill, was laid in the great hall of the castle: the Primate hastened to his bedside, whilst the guests and attendants withdrew to the other end of the hall; he comforted the dying man with the assurance of God's mercy, and encouraged him to join in his prayers: then, having heard his confession, he administered to him the sacrament of extreme unction. We all, the

witnesses of it, fell on our knees and heard the Primate, before giving absolution of sins, ask my Lord, ‘Do you believe in God? Do you trust in his mercy? Do you pardon all your enemies and repent of all your sins? My Lord answered, in a feeble but distinct voice—“I believe and trust in God. I repent of all my sins. I pardon all my enemies, except the enemies of my country—the Germans—these I never will pardon, not even in my grave!”

The Primate finished the prayer for the dying without taking any notice of the exception (Could it have been from deafness?), and then gave him absolution, soon after receiving which, his soul returned to its Maker. Soon there arrived at the castle the whole neighbourhood; the noblemen in mourning, the church fraternities, the guild corporations with their flags, and many others; to pay the last honours to the dead. After the Church burial service, they deposited him in his present grave, where he has laid more than a century, resembling a living rather than a dead man,—with the same stern countenance, his forehead furrowed with his last thoughts, his hand ready to draw his sabre, just as he used to be when living; and he has remained faithful to his word, even in the grave, as we, sirs, have witnessed this morning. May God give rest to his soul!”

PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART.



“Was im gesang soll ewig leben,
Musz im Leben untergehen.”

Schiller.

THE aim of the preceding lines is to give a glimpse into the political and moral prejudices, as well as into the hearts, of the kings, lords, and minor nobility of Poland. The nature of the circumstances which occupy the second part of my song, being, in a domestic as in a political point of view, of private interest, I am unable to lay it before the public as it stands in the Polish original, but must content myself with giving extracts. In these extracts, after a passing glance at the heart and home of an exile, are portrayed the spirit of the Hungarian army, the appearance of Dembinski in Hungary, the heroic exploit of Guyon at the pass of Branyiszko, and the apostacy of Bem. The object of devoting a chapter to the last-named mournful subject is to show that even the exalted virtue of patriotism, when carried to excess and blighted by despair, may lead, not only into fearful error, but

also into positive crime. The extracts conclude with a letter to Prince Wladislaus, and a welcome to the daughter of Col. Lach-Szyrma; the former destined to give some idea of the feelings and sentiments of the Poles with regard to those whom they consider as their future leaders; the latter affording a glimpse into the Polish mind as regards the position of the ladies amongst them.



PART II.

EVENTS IN WHICH I HAVE TAKEN PART,
AND OF WHICH I HAVE BEEN AN EYE-
WITNESS.



CHAPTER I.

“ Tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment.”

Pensées de Pascal.

THUS much for the ancient records, which my late father used to read to me, and the pages of which, yellowed by age, I have often turned, myself, expecting miracles to come, and building castles in the air on the trembling foundation of old legends.

And now the tear of disillusion runs down my cheek whilst I sing you my family tale. Since the successive partitions of Poland, my race has drooped, and now the hour of the extinction of the name of Przyemski is fast approaching. Since Providence has denied me the blessing of a son, I am the last

of my race. The first part of my ancestor's prophecy (the many misfortunes of my earlier life) has proved true ; that the latter part may in the remainder of my days be fulfilled, there is no probability. We no longer believe in miracles ; and though my heart nursed dreams in its youth, age and experience have clipped its wings, soaring but too often in the clouds of fancy. I will finish my song with events as sad as they are true.



CHAPTER II.

“Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto.”—*Eneid*.

WHEN, with the oar of memory, I row back towards the past, and, through the mists of sorrow, try to land upon its shore, the boat of thought leaks but too often, the pumps of remembrance are insufficient against the current of events, one swallowing up the other, and often, in thus looking backward, I am shipwrecked on the sunken rock of yearning.

To one who, in the journey of life, has passed the flowery region of hope, in the once swift chariot of whose imagination the exhausted horses

utterly fail,—to such an one the emptiness of the chariot is indeed dreary, telling as it does of the loss of caskets of happy dreams, stolen from him one by one, by the cold hard hand of reality; and yet, though all these treasures are gone, it is sweet in the desolate stillness to gaze upon their vacant places, and, by the power of longing, to create them as it were anew. The pale-grown heart blushes for a moment with a sudden glow of thought: who knows? perhaps those horses may yet make a start, though the chariot has sunk deep in the ground of experience, marshy with tears and blood!

When on the wave of excitement, in armistice with my present fate, I chase with delight the golden thoughts of youth, often the first shot of the beginning battle on the roaring sea of life hits the helm of my boat, and, thus disabled, I am worsted for the instant; but I do not strike my flag: trust in God is embroidered upon it; as long as I see it wave I will never give myself up for lost. Again the drum beats, the trumpet sounds; I heed not the groan of dying hope, nor the heavy shot of fate, but gather the relic of my forces round this my flag, and with its motto graven on my heart, I will conquer in the battle of life, or, dying, I will fall at the foot of the inspiring banner,

drawing comfort from it with the last glance of my closing eye. And even now, whilst my despatches tell of my present disadvantages in the combat, I hope to God to be permitted, before the setting of the sun, to change the tidings; like Napoleon, who, vanquished in the morning, won in the evening the glorious battle of Marengo.



CHAPTER III.

“Night rolls the hours away.”—*Pope’s Iliad*.

IN Tottenham, where the river Lea joins the canal of the same name, in a narrow little room, the abode of poverty, a few books my sole companions, I pass my night in writing.

The moon peeps with his pale face through my open window, flirts with my lamp, trifles with its light, and, causing my eye to wander from my writing, entangles the thread of thought.

If now the spirit of my ancestor could float down in the dreamy moonbeam to the last of his race, he would find it hard to recognise in the crippled exile, desolate and solitary, far from his dear old mother and scarcely-known daughter, and distressed with the thought that his work (the

sole possible means of support for a man who possesses self-respect) may fail, he would find it hard, I say, to recognise the former leader of thousands and the subject of his splendid prophecy. The dull, careworn, long-bearded and wrinkled face, could scarcely now shine with the enthusiasm of a hero destined to play an important part in the future drama of Poland. The spirit of my ancestor would be more likely to echo my heartfelt "Alas!" than to believe his own words.



CHAPTER IV.

"When shall I hear his voice?"—*Battle of Lora : Ossian.*

IN 1820 I shed my first tear, which blended with those of my dear mother, who, at my birth, lost both health and hearing. In the castle of Tarnopol the keepsake of life was bestowed upon me. I keep it for the sake of the giver; but were I not a Christian, I could not be thankful for it.

When my thoughts dress the rank and file of so many years on their march through the wilderness of the world, to them so tuneless, unsweetened by the music of loving voices of dear ones and the melodies of nature, and rendered still more dreary

by the continued dismal beating of the drum of one's own longing heart ; when I think of fruitless endeavours through half-caught words to catch the thread of social intercourse, wreathing the garland which hides the shackles of life, I faint under the idea of the torture of deafness, the first poison poured by my unconscious hand into the tearful cup of my mother's life. Do not wonder at my dwelling upon this affliction : I have a deaf mother—she had only me to love her—I deserted her for my country's sake, and doubled the bitterness of the sorrows of the star of my morning, not permitted, alas ! to be my evening star, and destined to quit the horizon without a glance from me to cheer its setting, though its sweet beams were the comforters of my early bitter fate.

At four years of age, I entered upon a ten years' course of classical studies at the Lyceum of Tarnopol, which was established in the following way. When the Pope excommunicated the Jesuits, and no shelter was to be found for them throughout the whole of Europe, the Russian Czar made the outcasts of Christendom his beloved guests ; when Europe pardoned their sins, the Czar plundered and banished them ; the wrong of Europe was always the Czar's right ; by weakening surrounding nations and disturbing the peace of the world,

Russia ever grew in power and territory; while Poland would have continued to be the shield and armour of Europe, which now, grown careless and effeminate, permits that armour to corrode in exile and to rust in tears and blood, in the dampness of dungeons and mines.

The Austrian Government appointed a cloister in Tarnopol to shelter the Jesuits chased from Russia. Austria decided to make good use of the tools thrown away by her partner, and therefore ordered that the children of Polish noblemen, and of the better classes, should be taught worldly wisdom by monks, and instructed in religion by Jesuits. Thus was founded the seminary where my childhood was spent.

After having passed the examination in philosophy (taught by Jesuits), I went on to Lemberg, for the academical course, and, when a boy of scarcely sixteen and a half, left college to enter the army, the only career open in Austria to those who scorn to deal in the daily persecution of their fellow-countrymen (in partnership with hangmen), by entering a government office. Better the sword destined for war against Austria's fellow-tyrants, than coldblooded murder of one's countrymen by strokes of the pen!

CHAPTER V.

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.”—*Horace: Ode xxx.*

WERE I to tune my lyre to a lay of my own deeds, soon would it cease to sound. Some half-budded laurels, frostbitten by oblivion; some fainting pale smiles of Mars and Venus; the whistling of sabres and the heavy breath of the cannon's mouth; the trampling of horses, once over my own bleeding body, more than once over the corpse-covered field of battle; the groans of the dying; news of the scaffold, dungeons and exile—these are everyday's songs for my fellow-countrymen: poverty, comforted by work, and the consciousness of having done my duty, were too prosaic a theme. I will sing to you of Bem and Dembinski, their hero-stamped minds, their laurel-crowned names will fill you with delight; their fame will be the light of my picture, the shadow side of which some of my own experiences contribute to darken, as, in the triumphal procession of kings, there is a proper place for their humble vassals.

In relating events, it is treason to make use of any other language than that of unimpassioned simple truth. Should, then, the listener to my song find it wanting in sweetness of tune, may the beauty

and harmony of truth compensate for the lack of poetry of expression. To the heart of a Pole, the coarsest rhyme that pays homage to the heroes of his country, recited by a witness and partaker of the scenes recorded, written with their swords, and dedicated to Poland, will be welcomed as an Homeric strain.



CHAPTER VI.

“How many lie there of my heroes the Chiefs of Inisfail.”

Fingal : Ossian.

DEMBINSKI,* famed in the history of the Polish war of independence, in 1830-1, having been invited by Kossuth, in the name of the Hungarian nation, arrived in Hungary from his exile in Paris. Before entering the field against Hungary's German enemy, he was obliged to combat much folly and disorder, besieging the green table of the govern-

* Count Henry Dembinski ; a warrior celebrated in the wars of Napoleon, who bestowed upon him the Cross of the French Legion of Honour ; he was rewarded by the Polish nation with the Polish Order of Valour, in the war of independence, in 1831. When holding the rank of lieutenant-general, he was recognised, in his retreat from Lithuania, as the first in strategical science. In 1849, he was commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army.

ment; he cut through the net of treachery that Görgei had spread already round his country, to be sold in future wholesale to the Czar and Co., and took the command of the army.

New life and hope brightened the warrior's heart and eye, when the forces scattered through the length and breadth of Hungary, began, according to his plan, their march towards the river Theis. The soldiers knew that an experienced hand was guiding their ranks; military skill was to strengthen the heroic devotion and valour of the brave Hungarian army, the flat strokes of the sword were no more to be bewailed; the soldier loved this grey-bearded face, still young and fresh under the silvery locks, this noble martial figure so tall and commanding, those eyes fierce in battle, soft when paying homage to the ladies. I have heard that Rodakowski succeeded in painting his likeness for the Paris Exhibition of Fine Arts; but I rather doubt the success of the painter, notwithstanding the gold medal he received for it; for one who did not know Dembinski, with the background of a battle-field, when listening to his favorite song, the roar of the cannon, could not know what he was like, nor model this model of a warrior.

The snows of the February of 1849 fall over the warrior-peopled banks of the Theis: Görgei the

traitor, Leiningen and Pöltemberg the martyrs of Arad, Kmety, Guyon* and Klapka, the exiles of to-day, have already received Dembinski's orders. Let me sing the song of the 3rd February, Guyon its hero, and the rocky pass of Branyiszko its field of glory.

THE SONG OF GUYON.

“Arma virumque cano.”—*Virgil*.

England, sole country where a free press and the noble mind of the people evince the majesty of public opinion!—Indisputable living argument for Freedom and Order! twin sisters, aiding their nurse, Religion, in blessing the happy land of their abode—where loyalty, unlike its counterfeit abroad, perverted to an hypocritical mask by serfs fawning to the hand that strikes them, is a real virtue, noble and ennobling. Thou wast the first to raise thy voice against slavery, thou gavest the world the example of owning thy faults and loving thine enemies, though ungrateful America would fain

* An Englishman by birth, Guyon entered the Austrian military service as lieutenant of cavalry, married an Hungarian Countess, and left the army, till the war of 1848 recalled him, when he distinguished himself, and died lately in the Turkish service, after the above was written.

deny it. Thou land of crystal palaces, fairyland of industry, oh listen to a song in celebration of a glorious child of thine, who sustained the honour of the English name upon fields where the bard himself has bled!

Guyon, though bearing the title of an Austrian count, never ceased to feel himself an Englishman. Homage to the freedom of Hungary, his adopted country, fidelity to its constitution and his oath, these were his first words; and so loudly did he proclaim them, that the world heard them. May the grandeur of the deeds I sing, supply the want of melody in the strain; for a hand which the sword has covered with wounds is ill-suited to the lyre.

Görgei—that bird of ill-omen, the evil spirit of the sad fate of Hungary—gave to Guyon the command of troops untried in war. Fortune frowned darkly upon them on the 21st January, 1849, at Windschat, and scarcely had they recovered from the terrors of that day, when Görgei destined them to storm the impregnable pass of Branyiszko. Arranging a ball for the remainder of his officers, he left Guyon to fight alone, where superstition and history alike decided the impossibility of victory.

Guyon, not tall in size, but high in military valour, with fair hair, well-formed nose, and thin lips, his grey eyes sparkling fire, speed and decision

in every movement, himself on horseback leads his troops. Catching his ardour, and forgetful of danger, they fling aside the very idea of impossibility, and wildly rush over paths where a chamois would scarcely dare to leap. In vain the cannon-crowned hills cry to them, "Away, madmen!" they fly upon the opposing bayonets and conquer the impregnable position: the madmen are successful heroes—their warners, prisoners or corpses.

Not only Hungary, but all Europe, thrilled with admiration (Görgei alone hearing the news with envy), and history has given to these brave warriors one of its brightest pages; yet, alas! to-day, when a Pole sings to England of the laurels won by an Englishman upon the battle-field of Hungary, her people have already forgotten his very existence. "*Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas!*"

Such were the deeds of one of thy sons, England, mother of so many heroes! A storm of enthusiasm and admiration arose in the hearts, both of the actors and the witnesses of this epos. Its first flash of lightning, gleaming athwart the book of my memory, lit up the page on which was inscribed that deed of world-wide celebrity, the storming of Samosiera, where Napoleon commanded the Poles to conquer. Twice were the French legions re-

pulsed ; but the valour of Kozietulski and his lancers gained the day, and on rocks too lofty for the flight of the golden eagle of France, waved its triumphant pinions the snow white eagle of Poland.

Judge, by this comparison of thy younger heroes with the historic names so dear to Poland, how deep and sincere is my tribute of admiration, yet how keen my sorrow ; since experience has brought the conviction, that even miracles of valour sink into nothingness when nations look to God only as the God of the Jews, the Lord of hosts, forgetting that to us, as Christians, he is the Prince of Peace. Alas ! that England, herself enjoying the full glory of liberty, should suffer her sisters to languish in thralldom, deprived even of the Word of God, by the cruelty of tyrants, *her allies*.



CHAPTER VII.

A CONVERSATION IN THE HUNGARIAN CAMP.

“The soldier his worth must understand.”

Churchill's translation of Wallenstein.

A YOUNG HONVED RECRUIT.

AN OLD TRUMPETER IN THE HUSSARS.

AN OLD DRUMMER.

A POLISH LANCER.

A YOUNG CORPORAL IN THE HUSSARS (*serving in an ancient regiment*).

Honved (defender of the country) was the name of the new Hungarian battalions, formed in 1848, who wore red trimmings on their uniforms ; the ancient part of the army had them in Austrian colours, black and yellow, and refused to change them, for regimental traditions of fame endeared them to the wearers. Besides, the black and yellow represented the anti-republican feelings of the old regiments, whilst the lovers of the red were republicans, though in reality the army cared but little for the form of government, and fought solely for freedom and the Hungarian constitution.

Bivouac-fire—in the back-ground, soldiers dancing the Hungarian dance to the sound of a fiddle—in the fore-ground a group in conversation, wine glasses in their hands, eating and drinking on the ground.

The Recruit.—“Your health, dear sirs and comrades ; three cheers for Hungary, three for Bem,

and three times three for both. And now, esteemed sirs, let your wisdom flow with the wine: some words on the military art would be welcome to your humble servant, who has the honour to be your brother-in-arms. The milky face would grow wise by words spoken from under the shade of your grey moustaches; for you must have felt and learnt much in your milky-faced times."

The Trumpeter.—"Creamy, my dear boy; old times are but cream and cheese and gold and laurels. Well, military art, my boy, is no necromancy; the whole matter lies in comprehending the trumpeters. Valour, order, strict obedience, are but the echo of the trumpet, which leads the soldiers to fight the enemy as well as to the barrack duties."

The Drummer.—"Military honour, my friend, is the abstruse point in question: one time it quotes black, another time white. Neither the lean trumpet ——"

The Trumpeter.—"Nor the big-bellied drum, are sufficient to beat time: one often gets into melting heat when choosing the right colours; but the chief rule is always to beat, never to be beaten."

The Drummer.—"To set a brave face to every sad affair, to fight, to make love in a perfectly knightly style, and above all ——"

The Trumpeter.—"Do your duty to the trumpet. At its first sound you must be on horseback, out from under the shot of pretty eyes, under that of the cannon, even if the trumpet call you away from the side of your sweetheart; for military honour says 'Fighting at all times, love-making at leisure.'"

The Polish Lancer.—"And if the kiss, in conquering which the trumpet was a disturber, proves 'sour grapes,' the cannon will double it with grape-shot. You never will be the loser there if you mind the Polish prescription for military honour, 'Ever forward, for God, Poland, and the ladies.'"

The Recruit.—"I take it that is a fine prescription. I will note it down and send for it to the camp-apothecary."

The Polish Lancer.—"Mother-cannon will give you many other first-rate home-made prescriptions; but the Polish one is always ready in our Polish hearts. So will it be with the Hungarian ones when once they get rid of the old stuff: 'Moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Teresia.' Were it for King Kossuth I would not mind it. I like it better than the French-fashioned trash about republic; which means—I know it from our sad experience—down with worthy men, hurrah for intriguers, a race of perjurers and villains ready to be bribed for the imperial crown, with the sign of the guillotine at

the resting-places. I know what those French fancy-ware of 'Liberté, égalité, fraternité,' mean,—a humbug—that's their republic."*

The rest, with the exception of the Recruit.—"That's what we think too."

The Recruit.—"I never could understand what this funny word meant; explain it to me."

The Drummer.—"It is too dry and too complicated to be explained; but, so far as we understand it, it means 'Double pay and no king.'"

The Recruit.—"I understand it perfectly. It is not so bad a thing after all. I wonder, then, why the regiments object to changing their nasty Austrian-smelling, black-yellow trimmings, for our fine true Hungarian red ones."

The young Corporal.—"Valour lies in hearts, not in uniforms,—that is true enough; but colours mark distinctions. You are recruits, and we old warriors; centuries speak of the history of our regiments; the Honveds are the rising sun, but the Hussars the noon, and it would be a pity to change the dress, the sight of which so often made the Turk and Prussian turn pale, and which was admired by the ladies of Paris. Take it as an explanation and not as a taunt. You are fine fellows

* This definition of "the republic," given by an old soldier, is not only historical but generally known.

and brave: we love you. Beside, my good fellow, a king when not a perjurer, and if a personal leader of his army, is a golden apple,—take it at my word; and such is not only my opinion, but that of three-fourths of the army. As to the double pay, who cares for it? a drummer, perhaps! But why? Tobacco, wine, and a kiss belong to the happy lips of an hussar, and scorn to be paid for, a sabre, a horse and pistols we get from our colonel—songs and moustaches come of themselves. Of what good, then, is the double pay? Why all this trash about the republic? Kossuth knows what we want, and we hate the politics of the asses of the green-table.* Hungary, Kossuth and Bem for ever! Fight well and never mind the republic, nor the colours of the trimmings.”

The Polish Lancer.—“Fidelity to your colours: whatever they may be, if for the cause of freedom, they are fine ones. ‘Liberty, Bem, and the ladies for ever.’”

* The old regiments disliked the political debates of the government, and, though enthusiastic for Kossuth, called the rest of the civilians “the asses of the green-table.”

CHAPTER VIII.

“Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain
Which all subdues.” *Paradise Lost.*

It is with a heartfelt sigh that I pronounce the name of one, who was at once my general, my father in arms, and my much-loved friend, Bem,*—that name so precious to the soldier ! Yes ! precious and exalted, not to those alone, who had the privilege to fight under him, but to the gazers from afar, on the miracles of his valour ; revered and admired even by such as suffered defeat from his hero-hand. In this name, in these deeds, lies the brilliant explanation wherefore the warrior considers his destiny as the loftiest and the most glorious.

Now that the twofold veil of death and of the turban have shrouded the hero from the eyes of Christendom, may it at least be permitted to his monument to enter the Pantheon, through the portal of martial hearts.

As an artist flings to the back of his portfolio

* Joseph Bem, the son of a citizen of Galicia, died as Murat-Pasha and Turkish Field-Marshal in Aleppo, 1850. His talent as a general in Transylvania, in 1848-9, his heroic exploits at Warsaw and Ostrolenka, in 1831, and his defence of Vienna, are universally celebrated.

a useless leaf, so Europe has now thrown aside, as uninteresting, the name of the fortress Viddin, situated in an obscure corner of the world, on the banks of the Danube. Seen from Kalafat, on the opposite side of the river, the needles of its minarets, and the long line of its fortified wall, may mislead the poetic traveller, who would find within only dirt and ruin, some decaying works of fortification, and a few scattered huts of Christians and Jews, at the feet of the Turkish temples. Hither came a troop of knights, Bem at their head, having opened the gates of the road leading to this place of refuge with the soldier's chief key, his much-loved sword, after Görgei, through his treachery, had barred us from the possibility of victory, and experience and a soldier's honour left us the sole alternative of cutting our way, sword in hand, into Turkey, in whose people we had confidence as to security from betrayal, and after fighting our way through Christendom-dishonouring Austria, and the slavish hordes of Russia, in order to avoid being either actors or spectators at the last act of the Hungarian tragedy, in whose principal scenes, Görgei, who had always been considered more of a chemist than a patriot, played the part of an alchemist, changing into gold his own honour, the blood of his comrades, and the future of his fatherland. Arad's

thirteen scaffolds gave, through the hand of the executioner, a new proof of the truth long since acknowledged in the military world,—that the surrender of arms and treachery are, mostly, crimes of equal magnitude; that they are followed by suffering and contempt, and almost invariably fail even to save the honourless life.

Fame is the warrior's pole-star, illuminating him in life as in death; his lot is either the victor's wreath or the martyr's palm: both are only to be won by arms. Coward or traitor is the name of him who, having once drawn the sword, returns it to its scabbard before having shattered it on the heads of the enemies of his fatherland, or who flings himself at the feet of his conqueror, asking for quarter, when death might have spared him this disgrace. A soldier fights, dreams of the tears or smiles of his lady-love, conquers and dies, always sword in hand; with it he signs in red ink all his transactions with the enemy. To scriveners—half-fox, half-serpent—the ink-glass may serve as the fountain of fame, or as the shield of life; the soldier has his blood and his sword.

Bem and his warriors, as is well known, and as was natural, marched into Viddin with their swords drawn. They were received with open arms and hearts. Bem himself, and three of his sub-com-

manders, of whom I was one, were the guests of Zia Pasha, Lord-lieutenant of Viddin. The rest of Bem's gallant corps occupied the camp on the banks of the Danube. Thus passed a week of unexpected proofs of the friendship and noblemindedness of the Turks, when we entered our quarters in the town, where we were soon surprised by news still more unexpected.

Bem sent for me one morning, and addressed me thus, "Comrade, in our sorrowful situation only sorrowful tidings can be looked for ; yet I have received such as have astounded even me, prepared as I was for anything and everything. Read the four despatches which have been brought me this very night, by one courier after another, from the Grand Vizier, and from Omar Pasha, and two from Czaika,* all to the same effect. Russia, once conquered by our King Stephen Batory, and spared by him at the intercession of the Pope, and Austria, rescued from the Turks by our King John III., also in consequence of Papal remonstrance, threaten Turkey with the commencement of hostilities, should she refuse to deliver up to them the heads of nine Hungarians and twelve Poles; among these, thine and mine. The Pope excommunicates us as rebels against his apostolic majesty—oh! bitter

* Czaika, a Polish author, now Sadyk-Pasha.

mockery of the name of Christian. The Romish and the Russian heads of Christendom denounce faithfulness to an oath solemnly taken, as rebellion, and call the perjurer apostolic; the Sultan invites us into the ranks of his army, with the promise of promotion: Christians act like barbarians, Turks evince the fraternal love of Christians. The kingdom which Poland's weapons weakened is willing to afford us a refuge; the powers that owe to Polish valour and Christian feeling their very existence, require our blood. Turkey is too weak to bid defiance to the united powers of Russia and Austria, and too honourable to deliver up to the axe of the executioner those who have sought her protection.

“In this dilemma, the Grand Vizier made use of a diplomatic evasion, and informed the ambassadors of both Emperors that we were about to become Turks, and that they could not deliver the faithful into the hands of Christians, without incurring the curse of Mahomet. Austria and Russia answered unitedly, they would demand nothing contrary to the Koran, and that Emperor and Czar would alike be contented, could they receive authentic proofs that the rebels who had fought their way from Hungary to Turkey had become renegades; otherwise, the heads of the high traitors, or war!

“These are the contents of the four despatches;

the Grand Vizier and Omar Pasha make us the offer in the name and by the order of the Sultan. Czaika presses me to give the example, and promises that we shall soon lead the Turkish army against Russia. Now, comrade, tell me, what is thy opinion?"

"I, General? I suppose you will allow me to say what I really think?"

"Go on: I require it of thee."

I was silent for an instant; for it pained me to hear my General question a matter, in which there was not, to me, the shadow of a doubt; yet friendly considerations do not alter the truth—"Amicitia usque ad aras." I answered—

"General, my opinion, and certainly yours, was often expressed by our forefathers, in their constant wars with the Turks, when a choice was given them between death and apostacy. A Polish nobleman will never be untrue to his lady-love, his fatherland, and his faith."

In Czaika's writings, I have often read the same words, and I see, with disgust, from his letters, that he thinks and writes differently. Heaven be thanked, he is a Cossack, and no nobleman!

"My advice is to answer Czaika with silence, and the Turks, cordially, but with a decided negative; and then as to Death, our old acquaintance, we shall soon dispose of him. Besides, we are still

together, with our swords at our sides: we will propose to him the exchange of a few Russians and Germans for each of us; perhaps he will do the same, as he has often done before, and accept the bargain."

"Listen to me, Przyemski," he said, taking my hand: "I have told thee exactly how matters stand; it is not thy General who speaks to thee, but thy grey-haired friend, and thy comrade in the field. We know each other well; in the presence of father War we have drunk brotherhood together; both have bled for freedom, honour, and Poland. A suspicion that a promise of promotion has allured us, or that the fear of death has terrified us into a change of faith, cannot attach to us; my grey hairs and the deeds of thy young life would contradict it too loudly and too honourably. The world will comprehend my higher motives; the flash of the swords which we shall soon draw against Russia will illuminate them; Poland alone can bridle Russia. The Czar already carries it with too high a hand toward Europe; soon will his robber arm be stretched out to grasp Constantinople; then will a light arise to a world, wilfully blind, that will manifest as European necessities the restoration of Poland and the maintenance of Turkey. The West of Europe will then be obliged to consider

our cause as her own. Renovated Poland must at first accept as king, an Austrian or a Prussian prince; what later times may bring, God only knows; one thing is certain,—that Europe must soon be our brother in arms, or the vassal of the Czar. Poland and freedom, or Russia and despotism, will be the watchword of the next war. These are my reasons for advising the Poles to stand ready for fight, before the conflict begins, to march under Turkish banners into Europe's camp, to give the world a proof that our breasts form the securest defence against Moscow, and the foundation stone of a durable peace. Poland will be our guarantee to the world that we, her children, whether receiving our baptism of blood in a church or a mosque, equally preserve the cross in our hearts, on the pinions of the white eagle, even though the crescent be emblazoned upon our banners. Moreover, at the present day, the world thinks little of difference in rites, and I will not deny that, to me, every way is welcome, should it be through hell itself, if it only leads to Poland."—Here he suddenly placed the Turkish cap upon his head—"I am already a Mussulman."

A curse on the war which turns heroes into renegades, a curse on the despots who sport with human lives, and, rooting out love from the heart,

plant despair in its stead ! This was the first exclamation of my wounded heart, which consideration for the venerable man would not allow to pass my lips ; for, indifferent as was to us in reality the cause of the Romish Church, which had wrought so much moral and political evil for Poland, the force of circumstances placed it before our eyes, only in the light of the faith for which our ancestors had bled, and in which we had been educated,—endeared by association rather than admired in itself. The grave of my father seemed to open, crying shame upon the renegades.

Almost breathless with heartfelt sorrow, I replied, “ General, the faith of the world in these days is cold, the Pope denounces us, Austria and Russia leave us the choice between disgrace and death ; for even the man of the world, indifferent to religion, considers apostacy as a stain on his honour. Do not be offended at my plain words,—they are aimed at myself. God, who looks at the heart, will forgive your sin ; the loud trumpet of your military renown will drown the one discordant note in the harmony of your hero-life. But the scarcely audible whispers which the voice of Fame would grant to myself, would die away, almost before it was breathed, and the disgrace of a change of faith in the face of death would alone remain.”

“Is this your only reply, Colonel Przyiemski?” said Bem, angrily: “has the once beloved General and friend no more claim upon you? or,” he added, in a softened tone, “does thy friendship vanish with my fortune?”

“Friendship and faith with me live on unaltered to the grave,” I answered, with a sigh.

“Farewell, then, Colonel!” said Bem, and directed me to the door, although tears stood in his eyes, belying the angry tone in which the words were spoken. I left the room in silence; but what was passing in my heart was known only to God and to those who have parted, in a similar manner, from an heroic commander, whose esteem and love they have won in bloody wars, and have prized it as a happiness for life.

From that time Turks and renegades alone were Bem’s companions. At length in Szumla, just before we parted to meet no more, he sent for me, blessed me, and kissed my forehead. He acknowledged that the diplomacy that was daily dragging down Europe to the feet of the Czar would make it difficult for the Sultan to fulfil his promise to Poland. Thus we separated with sorrowful hearts: he departed to Aleppo, there to meet a premature death; we to Kutaiah, into exile. May God in his mercy, which so far ex-

ceeds his justice, pardon the sin induced by the despair of the venerable Polish hero, counting rather his lofty virtues! May He mildly look down upon tortured Poland, which for a whole century has been nailed to the cross of yearning and steeped to the lips in gall.

May He re-arrange the world, which through sin has become a ruin and a chaos, into a temple of faith and love.



CHAPTER IX.

“Gaudent perfusi sanguinem fratrum
Exilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant.”

Virgil.

A LITTLE Bulgarian town is swarming with people, horses and carriages. The leaders of the Hungarian war of independence leave Szumla to-day. Hungary calls them heroes; Austria, high traitors; Rome, desecrators; Turkey calls them the guests of the Sultan, and through her nobility of mind and courtesy does her utmost to make them and herself forget that they are prisoners, and that she is compelled by political necessity to become their gaoler.

Achmet Effendi, the ambassador of the Sultan to his guests, arrived in Szumla, and brought furs

of honour* for the travellers to Kutaiah. Jasmaggy, Austria's agent, lurks in the corner of the street, to count and see that there are none wanting of those obnoxious to Austria; he holds a list of them in his hand. Reader, if it does not disgust thee to approach the menials of the hangman, look at the paper,—a black line divides it into columns, Poles and Hungarians. In the first thou wilt read Dembinski, Wysocki, Przyiemski, Matczynski; in the second, Kossuth, Bathyany, Messaros, Perczel. The other names are covered by the sleeve of the blood-hound—all the better, perhaps—the repetition of these names, so often mentioned in diplomatic notes, now forgotten, bringing to mind only the revenge of the tyrant and the severity of fate, might do harm. Look away, then, from the register of the children of misfortune, the victims of political ingratitude and imperial perjury; they themselves are approaching with their companions, some of whom are going to share their exile, others merely to accompany them out of the town: in the latter party rides on a white horse the Colonel Count Wladislaus Zamoiski, the chief of the Poles in Szumla, afterwards, in 1855, General in the English service and leader of the Sultan's Cossacks.

Jasmaggy's eye flashes with rage, his cowardly

* Furs in Turkey are used for conferring honorary distinctions.

hand is compelled to erase Zamoiski's name from the list—he is a naturalised Frenchman ; France has freed him, as England protected Guyon.

Jasmaggy's eye becomes bloodshot ; for he sees that Dembinski also fails to appear. The old gentleman had said in anger, "As long as Austria's slaves give the Turks orders I will defend myself ; I have my sword still : death may disarm me, Austria cannot." He kept his word : only when Austria recalled her ambassadors, and at the entreaty of the Sultan that we would remember his diplomatic difficulties, and his sympathy for our cause, Dembinski came to Kutaiah.

The day before our departure, Bem, with a few renegades, had started for Aleppo. Universal sympathy was felt for him, but the deed which darkened his renown prevented it from finding expression ; no one accompanied him ; to-day how different ! Ours was a motley procession. The greatest variety of Hungarian, Turkish and Polish uniforms, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot : the entire body of high Turkish functionaries, Achmet Effendi at their head, the garrison and population of Szumla, with their beys and pachas, their wives and children—everything which lived in the town and neighbourhood—came out to bid adieu to us in their different languages.

The parting scene between the comrades whom patriotism had united as brothers upon the battle-field, and whom triumphant despotism parted, it is superfluous to describe to a warrior; to the reader unacquainted with arms it were impossible.

In three days we arrived at Varna, and passed three days more in the palace of the resident Pacha, where we received a hearty welcome; he himself showed us the field where Wladislaus, King of Poland and Hungary, fell. Rome persuaded him to break his oath of friendship to Turkey: Poland and Hungary blamed the monarch, and only an insignificant army accompanied him on this campaign. God punished him with death for the sin of believing that the Pope could nullify the oath sworn to a higher power. The Turks pardoned him, and honoured the memory of his valour, and called us brothers even upon the battle-field of Varna. Yet the judgment of the world pronounces the Turks barbarians, and does not silence the French, when they call themselves the leaders of civilization, with a self-elected Emperor, who has broken every possible oath, and resembles his great-uncle only in this,—that he courts the favour of despots, and would willingly see the blood of Poland flow for his own ends, only to repay her with indifference and forgetfulness.

Fate punished our king for perjury ; it punishes us for our faithfulness to our oath and the Hungarian constitution.

The perjured Emperor of Austria lives on in his castle of Prague ; his nephew wields the Austrian sceptre, and the headsman's axe, under the protection of Russia.

The understanding of the philosopher stands still, the pen falls from the hand of the historian, the harp-chords of the minstrel break ; God be thanked that the faith, hope and love of a Christian remain to sustain him, otherwise the courage to continue his song would fail.

The Turkish man-of-war *Tahir-Bahir*, received us at Varna : we reached the Bosphorus early in the morning, and lay at anchor in the Golden Horn before Constantinople ; but the ambassadors of Russia and Austria protested against our landing to pay a visit to our protector, the Sultan. It was not till noon that they gave us to understand he was in the palace opposite, looking at us through a telescope, and bidding us welcome in his heart. We all went on deck and raised our caps in greeting to the Sultan, heartily grateful to the noble-minded man for his sympathy, and sorrowful that we ourselves were too weak to help him to secure his own independence ; since his enemies, uninvited

guests in our own country, fattened on our blood, and dictated to the Sultan in his own kingdom.

We soon set sail, and, landing in Guemlek, continued our journey by land to Brussa.

Brussa, once the residence of Tamerlane—in later times the dwelling-place of Abd-el-Kader, after his return from France—was, at the time we arrived there, the place of banishment of the Wallachian patriots, who took up arms in 1848-9, in order to free the Danubian principalities from Russian protection, that they might have the Turks alone for their lords. Poor Turkey! thy vassals fight for thee in vain. Russian weapons extinguish the fire of sympathy in the blood of the Moldo-Wallachian youth, and the tears of their loved ones, and compel thee to send the patriots into exile. Poor Turkey! once so brave and so powerful, now in the deadly hug of the Muscovite bear, deserted by Europe, which once trembled before thee.

Europe, thou wicked old woman, in vain dost thou draw the nightcap over thy ears, saying, with a lazy yawn, “I am asleep,” when duty and the rights of nations cry aloud to thee. Russia will soon rouse thee from thy slumbers with the knout, and thou wilt open thy eyes to find thyself a Russian domain in name or in spirit. God’s vengeance awaits thee, thou most foolish of sleeping

virgins—soon will the oil of thy lamp be extinguished—thou wilt be shut out from beholding the marriage of freedom and justice; the Czar will be thy bridegroom, and the rattle of chains and gnashing of teeth will be thy lot. Thou art on the eve of the fulfilment of the words of Napoleon, “*Libre ou Cosaque.*”

Rising from a beautiful and far-stretching plain is seen a range of mountains; thence Brussa, from its elevated position, commands an extensive view of the country, down to the sea; its appearance is picturesque—its hundred white minarets look like sentinels—its wooden but beautifully built palaces like the badges of order of a decorated warrior. The inferior houses vanish in the perspective, as many miseries in this world when surveyed from afar, by an eye that allows itself to be deceived by a glittering outside. The Wallachians came to meet us on the plain; friendship sprang up swiftly and warmly between them and the Poles—not so with the Hungarians; perhaps these last were hindered from returning the cordiality they met with by the remembrance of their injustice toward the Wallachians; for so is the human heart created that it is easier to forgive an injury than to bear the sight of those against whom one has offended. Kossuth, even in misfor-

tune, did not change his policy, and hesitated to receive the Wallachians; but we, old and young, loved them like brothers—and to-day, when in spirit I ride over the plains of Brussa, I greet as friends the brothers Golesco, the young Wlademiresco, and many others, whose names are now erased from my memory, but not from my heart.

Kutaiah was far off, and the festival of Easter near; we should have been obliged to celebrate it on the road had we left Brussa immediately. The feast of the resurrection of our Lord is, to the Poles, of double signification, commemorating our redemption from sin, and nourishing the hope of salvation from the yoke of foreign oppressors, the hope of the resurrection of our fatherland. From the earliest times all the houses in Poland have been wont to stand open during Easter week, the master of the house inviting every passer-by to partake of the dainties bountifully spread upon the long tables. Rich and poor, known and unknown, greet each other as friends and equals with the words, “Christ is arisen;” while their eyes speak of a thousand hopes beside. The Turks knew this, and, out of regard to our religion and our clinging recollections of our fatherland, permitted us to pass a month in Brussa. And here let me pay the tribute

due to Turkish tolerance and religiousness, and give the lie to the Russian emissaries swarming in Turkey, who relate miracles to the Christians there of freedom under the Czar's protection and rule, with the ignorant and venal writers of the East, who, in this respect, calumniate Turkey.

The religion of the Turks consists in prayers and almsgiving. This is the spirit of the Koran, with some useful, political, and sanitary precepts, and a few fables which Mahomet mixed with them, in order to dazzle the multitude, who were willing to be deceived—not half so many, however, as those which the Pope invents for the benefit of his religion in Italy, and the Czar for his in Moscow. I never saw a Turk making sport of foreign religion; he despises infidelity only. In no Christian kingdom are so many Christian sects to be found together as in Turkey—the Government protects them all alike, without interfering in their affairs; but, alas! envy is rife amongst them.

None of the Christian congregations in Brussa would open their churches to the Hungarian Protestants for Divine service during Easter. Sarim Pacha, lord-lieutenant of Brussa, invited them to make use of a saloon in his palace. Colonel Soliman Bey, the head of our escort, assisted with his own hands in the erection of an altar. He and many

high Turkish officers and officials stood reverently by as the Hungarians partook of the holy sacrament, after the Lutheran manner.

Say, Europe, where, through the whole range of thy dominions, has religious liberty advanced so far? Russia, by means of the knout, tortures into acceptance of her rites; Naples punishes with imprisonment the reading of the Bible; Austria introduces the Concordat in the nineteenth century; in France the Bishop of Aras writes blasphemous letters to seduce the Protestant children. Say, Europe, does not Turkey cause thee to blush? Alas, no! thou hast lost the sense of shame in sleep.

Hardly was Easter Sunday over when honoured and beloved guests came to us. Guyon, from Constantinople, visited me and many others, and smiled at the question "What had brought him here?" He held long conversations with Kossuth. We soon discovered the reason of his smile—Kossuth and his wife, with a few faithful followers, set out for a ride, accompanied by the usual small guard of honour: he had agreed with Guyon never to return to Brussa from this ride.

In Constantinople Guyon had arranged with several English and American officers the escape of Kossuth. The American ship left the Golden

Horn in the night; the confederate Englishmen and Americans, provided with arms, entered a sloop, which, on a sign to be given by Guyon, was to near the shore. Already Kossuth sees it, and the Turkish escort stands in dumb and inactive astonishment. With a few decided steps Kossuth would have been free, and Austria furious with rage at the tidings of his escape to the New World; but then he suddenly thought of the evils which his flight might bring upon Turkey, who had so ably protected himself and his comrades—of the impression which his withdrawal might make upon Hungary, where the hope of his speedy reappearance still kindled the dying hopes of many a heart—the possibility of being of use to the cause of Hungary in Turkey,—these reasons, and his dislike to abuse the confidence of the Turks, caused Kossuth to turn round. Guyon and his associates came back in the American ship to Constantinople, where their absence had already been noticed, and had occasioned a positive panic; but the thing was hushed up, and we were only sent away more hastily from Brussa. Thus we began our march to Kutaiah.



EPILOGUE.

“Regia res scelus est.”—*Ovid : Fasti*, lib. vi.

WHILST the night of Paganism enshrouded the nations, the poison of envy and hatred grew rankly in the earth, feuds were hereditary, and wars incessant : when the light of Christianity arose, then dawned also brotherly and national love ; yet the frost, which during the night had chilled the hearts of the peoples, did not at once entirely thaw ; indeed the conflicts between nations and nationalities, united by God, separated by Satan, has lasted partially to the present day.

The Slavonian family is a thorn in the side of Germany, represented by its princes. Two German monarchs have drunk Slavonic blood, because they only feigned Christianity. Belief in the Father of nations would have forbid them the draught. Russia has denied God and made the Czar her idol, and therefore she crucified Poland.

The nations are reluctant to enter into war, yet kings require recruits, and on one side they compel to finding them by laws, through the abuse of which on the other side, they force the weapons of despair into the hands of nations, and kindle the torches of revolution and civil war.

The sun of righteousness penetrates indeed with warmer rays into the hearts of the people, but covetousness and self-love grow luxuriantly under the shadow of the crown, and cold hearts beat beneath the mantle of royalty—thus continues the curse of war. When will the giant steps of time bring us to such a point of perception, as to comprehend that the world is the beautiful garden of nature, where one bed of flowers does not render another superfluous, and where the plants do not stand in each other's way, whose walks are laid out by reason and love? Now, blood overflows these walks, the storm of discord uproots the trees, the serpent of envy poisons the flowers, the frost of egotism nips the plants. Mankind seems to have chosen an evil spirit for his gardener, who tears up the most healing plants to fill coffins with them, who breaks the buds of love to prepare from them a draught of poison. Reason degenerates into reasonings, or sinks into superstition. Yet despair not, oh world of my brethren! the fruit of truth ripens in defiance of the cruel gardener. Look toward heaven—thence comes light and warmth; God's archangels will conquer anew the evil spirits, their pinions will elevate our reason; God in His mercy will enlighten with a smile the garden he originally arranged; His hand will adorn it with

two temples,—the temple of faith in Himself, and that of love for mankind. May the last sound of my lyre penetrate the clouds; may the angel of prayer bring before the throne of God the hope with which this song rhymes; may He who is our ever-loving Father, unite the minstrel and the listener in gazing on the perfection of the building of these two temples.



TO PRINCE WLADISLAUS, (A LETTER, 1856.)

“Tous deux, également, nous portons des couronnes,
Mais, roi, je les reçois, poète, tu les donnes.”

Charles XII. to the Poet Ronsard.

KINGS wear crowns, poets distribute them; kings, like the lacqueys of the Lord Mayor, wear their livery on certain days, though they mostly lie in chests. The crowns distributed by poets encircle the brows of heroes with immortal glory. It is in vain for kings, arrayed in royal robes, to receive the incense of flattery, if no poet be inspired by their virtues to celebrate them in song. The adulation and the perfume of the incense remain with the regal robe, and not with him who wears it, and change their object without altering their meaningless form. Oblivion and decay are the

well-merited fate of the kings unmentioned in song. The echo of their names dies away like the rushing of the wind when the storm is over, and new ones sound in their stead, "*Le roi est mort ; vive le roi.*"

Rouse thyself, prince ; show us deeds that are signs of life—deeds which we and the world may acknowledge as worthy of Poland, which may cause the chords of the poet's lyre to vibrate. The harp of Poland hangs to-day untuned on the willows ; the hands of our minstrels droop despairingly ; they have sung long enough of the sunshine of the past, of the gloom of the present. Give them, then, young scion of Poland, a new theme for their songs, otherwise our fathers will become impatient in their graves ; their ears ungladdened by Polish melodies and the brilliancy of the deeds of their sons, no more visible to them through their closed eyelids. The hearts of the dead yearn to hear the footsteps of their children upon the paths which, during life, they have trod.

Our greatest poet, Mickiewicz, a venerable old man, eighty years of age, went to the Levant, in order, since there was no longer any fighting Poland, collectively, of which to sing, to celebrate the valour of individuals among her children. Death tore the lyre from his hand before his voice had become hoarse from disappointment. The heir to his poet-

renown, unknown to himself, and to Poland also, waits for some hope of a response ere he raises his voice for the song of the resurrection of our fatherland; his eye rests upon the Polish youth, while his hand weaves garlands for the future. Rise then, oh youthful prince; thine is the duty to raise the pall of Poland—the fame of the deed shall also be thine. The hand which is stretched towards that pall is extended also towards the hero's wreath and the monarch's crown. Dear to the Poles are the historic names of their noblemen; doubly dear when individual deeds add new leaves to the book of Polish renown, proving to their fatherland that the children have inherited, not only their names, but also the virtues which procured for their ancestors the charter of nobility, and first among these virtues that of patriotism. The way to the Polish throne lies open: high birth makes it easier, but only virtue leads to it. The tocsin of Poland has long sounded her hard fate. Our beloved mother will perish in the conflagration of misfortune. Whoever will rescue her let them rush into the flames. Dash into the storm all ye whose hearts beat with filial affection. “Quand mêmë,” the motto of thy family, Prince Wladislaus, is the motto suited to the times: let our fatherland hear it, and if thy heart is as undaunted as thy family

motto, the martyr's palm will appear no less glorious to thee than the warrior's wreath. Grasp the sword of thy ancestors, give proof in the service of thy country that thou art not only a prince, but also a Pole. Poland and Polish poets wait for deeds. Their reward is song and the Polish crown!



A WELCOME TO THE DAUGHTER OF COLONEL
LACH-SZYRMA INTO DEVONPORT.*

“O der wahrheit o der güte,
Rein wie Perlen echt wie gold
O der Sitten Anmuth ; Blühte
Stets im weiblichen gemüthe
Jeder Jugend Reitz so hold.”

Das hohe Lied (Bürger).

DAUGHTER of a Pole whose name is precious, an unknown countryman sends thee a greeting from afar! The pinions of thy youth bear traces of the dew of tears, the pain of parting has already roughly crumbled the leaves of the scarcely-opened volume of thy life. God's hand smooths them to-day with the joy of reunion. May my words not

* Lach-Szyrma ; celebrated as the leader of the students of Warsaw in 1830, whose academical professor he was, and well known as an author. The *return* of his daughter referred to, was from Posen, whither she was sent to receive a Polish education.

be lost in the thousand cordial questionings and exclamations of delight from the dear friends who welcome thee! May my greeting serve as a rhyme to the hymn sung to thee by the friends of thy father, whose brother, though a younger one as to country, arms, and pen, I am proud to be, whose friendship has so often afforded me consolation. With tears in my eyes as I think of my far distant orphan, whose features have already disappeared from my memory and are engraved on my heart alone, I bless thee, daughter of my friend! May the God of the Piasts strengthen hope, love and faith in thy heart, and clothe it in the national dress of the hearts of our mothers, courage, modesty, and gentleness; ever the ornaments, unchanged by years, of Polish women. May the hand of our Heavenly Father place upon thy head a crown woven of the virtues of thy parents. Thus adorned, view thyself in the mirror of thy father's deeds, that as he to us, so his child to ours, may alike be an example. Rich indeed will be thy dowry, if God's goodness permits thee in this mirror to recognize thyself.

"The Times," that calumniator, has said, "There are no Poles now." These words have a Russian sound; God will not permit them to find an echo in truly English hearts. Poland lives for us, and

will rise again for the world, as the seed-corn sown in the earth springs up in the form of ears, quickened by the rays of the sun. The hearts of the Polish women are our guarantee for this. As long as these beat nationally there will be no want of Polish virtues and swords in our fatherland. Oh, women of Poland, priestesses of the holy tomb where lies your mother in apparent death, be watchful; for so long as the veil of Polish feelings is not torn away from you, it is in vain that the voices of the Czar, of the Emperor, and of bribed authors, attempt to announce to the world the last breath of your country! Poland's sighs of dreary woe, and the death-rattle of her sons, prove that she and that they have not ceased to exist. Ye priestesses of our temple of hope, cease not to sing to your brothers of virtue and of fame: your song will raise the palls from the three coffins of Poland. Daughter of Szyрма, over thy young head in thought I spread my hands; the blessing of the crippled warrior, of the banished patriot, consecrate thee as a priestess to the resurrection of Poland.

May God's blessing strengthen this my consecration!



PART III.

MUSINGS OF AN EXILE.



TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, thou jolliest of gentlemen old,
 With fireside comforts secured from the cold,
 Sitting at ease in thy cushioned retreat,
 On the warm cosy fender thy fur-slippered feet,
 For a moment turn round, from the window look out,
 And see how thy neighbours are freezing without.
 To each of thy household who industry shows,
 Or who cleverly conquers the ills that oppose,
 A luxurious armchair by thy hearth is assigned ;
 And only the stupid and idly inclined,
 Their place unappointed, repose on the floor—
 No hardship ! with carpet 'tis well covered o'er.
 But glance from the window a moment I pray,
 And look at thy neighbours who pass by the way.
 Who of them loves his land and his God above all,
 From virtue's bright path whom no ills can appal ?
 When the leafless trees shiver, and winter winds blow,
 From their warm fire-sides are thrust out in the snow :
 In thy happy household a shame and a crime
 May poverty be, but with us 'tis a sign
 Of honour unspotted,—that virtue sublime.
 Oh England, look out then, and for thy own weal,
 If not for thy neighbours', some sympathy feel ;

Lest when from thy hearth thou art fated to stray,
Thou should find none but strangers and foes round
thy way.

Respectable gentleman, jolly and stout,
Wheel round thy arm-chair, for a moment look out.



PRAYER.

A LITTLE bird on soaring wing,
Once asked his comrade of the spring,
"Why do the fishes dumbly gaze
Upward toward the sun's bright blaze?"
"Sister birdie," 'tis thus, was the warbled reply :
"They praise our great Maker, who dwells o'er the
sky."

"How so ! in song *we* praise and pray :
Which worships best then, we or they ?"
"Both equally well, if the look and the tone
From the depths of our heart in sincerity come."
"Ah, sister birdie, can that be true ?
Crimson methinks might as well be blue."
Then o'er the sky the rainbow arched sublime,
"In worship all my varied colours shine,"
In silence as in song is tribute given,
Prayer is the lifting of the soul to heaven.



OVER THE STYX.--A FABLE.

POOR Mother Poland lay in deathlike sleep,
When first her luckless son beheld the light,
The sound of fetters was his childhood's song,
And in misfortune's cradle he was rocked ;
For cruel neighbours round his mother met,
And would have murdered her with deadly stab,
But strife and envy still the blow delayed,
Yet beat her heart within a bleeding breast,
Her child looked on and wept in helpless woe.
When childhood's morn gave place to noon of youth,
A stirring drama drew him from his home ;
Around him rose the fireworks wild of war,
And fountains leaped into their lurid light,—
Fountains of tears, through black-palled vistas seen ;
Far wandering in a foreign land he heard
The discord of his mother's foes was o'er,
And in their cruel purpose they were one.
What was this purpose ? Righteous Heaven, thou
 know'st ;
The blood of Poland crieth from the ground !
Yes, the remorseless demons, wearied out
Of cavilling o'er their victim's prostrate form,
Resolved to lay her living in the grave.
At first he stood aghast ; then starting, vowed
That, even should the destined sepulchre
Be filled with corpses both of friends and foes,
His mother never should be thither borne.
But first he sought, in legendary lore,

And 'mid the mighty poets of old Rome,
The golden faith and love which should adorn
The polished steel of valour, and should make
Self-sacrifice itself an easy thing.
He deemed their splendour had but to reflect
The grace and virtue that within them shone,
And nations would obey the signal given,
And flock to aid him in his noble cause.
In vain ! the world had grown too selfish far
For Ovid's tones of woe to wake response ;
And e'en the eloquence of Cicero,
Pleading for justice, liberty and truth,
Was far outsounded by the chink of gold.
And by experience bitter soon he learns
That in the time of Orpheus stones and wood
Had more of heart than now debased mankind.
The very memory of the time was dead
When proud Sarmatia earned the sacred name,
"Bulwark of Christendom" from foreign foes.
E'en should a Brutus rise, his death were vain,—
Too numerous the Cæsars are, and too secure their reign.

In wild despair he wandered aimless on,
And came at length where rolled the Stygian flood.
Then spake to him Despair, with whispering voice :
"Telemachus to seek his father sought
A dreary region ; thither take thy way,
Help for thy mother there may yet be found."
The call he followed without further thought,
Sprang in the sable waves and reached the shore
His woe-struck visage awed e'en Cerberus,
Who, grimly silent, suffered him to pass.

The Pole would fain have stormed the gates of Hell,
But their vast lock of falsehood and of crime
Welded so firm together, held him back.
The enchanted plants* which bolt and bar remove
He sought in vain, but yet remembered well
Words of most potent magic, which had power
To dry sad tears, yet thaw the freezing heart ;
And these he wrote upon the frowning gates :
“ God is with us ; not yet is Poland lost.”
As neath his hand the letters swiftly grew,
And radiant gleamed from out the horrid arch,
The lock burst open with infernal clang,
And Satan glared from out the open door,
Disguised as eagle black with double head,
The Papal crown upon his mocking brows ;
Monsters of every kind composed his train.
“ Away !” he cried ; “ here has the name of God
A different meaning, here is hope unknown ;
He who seeks help from us must both deny.”

From his wild dream of Hell the Pole awoke,
But clearly with his waking thoughts perceived
The blasphemy and folly of despair ;
The black-winged dragon's help he'd sought to gain,
For rescue of the snow-white eagle ; there,
Where feelings were not, looked for sympathy.
As well might Heaven in depths of Hell be found.
Then in a feeling new of patient trust,
With upward gazing eye, he murmured low,
“ My country is not lost ; God is with us :
Whilst Poland hopes in Him she cannot die.”

* Relating to a Polish legend of plants having the power of opening locks.

MY DARLING.

MALT and hops are evil crops,
And tobacco too ;
For the one involves the other,
And, in fact, is its twin brother,—
Is the sentence true ?
List ye judges, strict and stern,
Ye have something yet to learn ;
Here you'll find a contradiction :
That I drink not is no fiction,
Yet my pipe's my darling.

Round me still the world at will,
Morning, noon and eve,
Sighs and grumbles and complains
Of its many cares and pains ;
Ne'er its voice I heed.
Vain lamentings I despise,
Work has left no time for sig^l
Thus I honour industry.
Smoking on so cheerily ;
For my pipe's my darling.

With hatred, strife and envy rife,
Smokes the earth's volcano,
And deep cabals, revenges dire,
And anger's fiercely-raging fire
Consume the heart and brain, oh.

But patience is my dearest prize,
On her I fix my wearied eyes,
Hope in my God my watchword high ;
And thus I smoke on merrily,
 For my pipe's my darling.

Some praise me high, and some decry,—
 One thing ne'er pleases all.
Why don't you leave me then alone ?
For useless is the varied tone
 Of clamour and of call.
Still toward the heavens I look for cheer,
With smoke and heart for escort there ;
To idle chatter ne'er reply,
But smoke away right merrily ;
 For my pipe's my darling.

The despots' toils and serpent wiles
 The blood of Poland shed ;
But days of justice yet shall come,
On earth at length 'twill find a home,
 And rear its sacred head.
The world will smoke the pipe of peace,
And in old age her feuds shall cease ;
This hope my drooping heart sustains,
And as I smoke, fresh force it gains ;
 For my pipe's my darling.

When freezes death the smoker's breath,
 Life's tobacco fails,

When the body's pipe is cold,
Lay it then beneath the mould,
 Heaven the soul will hail.
Love, her perfume then will breathe,
And her clouds of incense wreath.
Till that happy time shall come,
I will merrily smoke on ;
 For my pipe's my darling.

TO MY MOTHER.

CEASE not, mother dear, thy strains ;
 Song can soothe thy yearnings deep,
And the cradle hymn of prayer
 Lulls thy restless cares to sleep.
PRayer the widow's song should be ;
 None, save God, can comfort thee.
Solace sweet thy songs impart ;
 Though in exile far I pine,
I can hear them in my heart,
 Love defying space and time.
And thus dreaming, even now
COols thy kiss my fevered brow.

Fetters hard are on us laid,
 Austria's ban of death is on me,
LINKS of sickness and of pain
 Daily closer draw around thee ;
Yet shall death dissolve our chains,
 Bearing us where freedom reigns.

Tears of yearning flow in silence,
Songs of woe have muffled tones,
And the anguish of the parted,
Many a deep'ning furrow owns ;
Yet in darkness Faith can sing,
Flutter Hope her broken wing.

Pray with heart believing, still
Cease not, mother dear, thy song ;
Prayer and hymn and tears ascend
To the heaven for which we long,
And shall healing balsam bring
From the realms of endless spring.

Not alone amid the ruins
Doth thy trembling voice arise,
No ! thy exiled son, toward Poland
Turning still his heart and eyes,
Fondly echoes every tone,
Seen and heard by God alone.

When the mists of death shall dim
That dear eye, my morning star
E'en in setting may not beam
On thy child still wand'ring far ;
Thou wilt call on me in vain,
All unanswered breathe my name.

Darling mother, worn and aged,
Widowed, orphaned, childless, all ;
Though thy joys seem dead and withered,
Shrouded deep in sorrow's pall ;

Flowers which seem to perish here,
Bloom in Heaven's eternal sphere ;
Soon this truth thou'lt learn above.
Yonder in the realms of love.



NOT AS AT HOME.

ROUND me grow the purple violets,
Sounds the cuckoo's voice ;
Spring, with all its glad foretellings,
Bids my soul rejoice.

Vainly all ; my thoughts have wandered
To my own dear home ;
There the violet's breath is sweeter,
And the cuckoo's tone.

Every note of woodland warbler
Woke a deeper thrill,
And the thickly clustering flowrets
With bright hopes could fill.

Stars with golden eyes are glancing
From the heavens above,
And the moon in silver letters
Writes her tale of love.

Night with breezy whisperings soothing
Lulls to gentle rest
Mother Earth, with all her children
Folded on her breast.

But my restless heart flies homeward,
Where it oft, at night,
Melted, at the song of moonbeams,
Into dreams of light.

Here, with notes of desolation
Sigh the breezes lone,
And the moon shines pale and chilly,
Not as there, at home.

Many a greeting kind I meet with,
Friends are round my way ;
Yet their tones recall the dearer
Voices far away.

In my own beloved Poland
Kindred hearts were mine,
Round whom clung my fond affection
Like the tendril'd vine.

There no scanty words were needed
Mutual thoughts to tell ;
Hearts that I had won and treasured
Understood me well.

Oft, when on the churchyard gazing,
From my chamber lone,
I can see friends, widows, orphans
Round a loved one's tomb.

And, it may be, when these yearnings
 Snap the exile's weakening chain,
 Bending o'er his grave some kindly
 Heart may feel a touch of pain.

But if death had gently laid me
 'Neath my country's sod,
 Round my lowly bed the weeping
 Mourners would have trod.

There a mother's love untiring
 To my grave would cling ;
 There my child would linger kneeling,
 And fresh garlands bring.

Cease, my harp, thy sad lamenting ;
 No one heeds thy tone ;
 Oh this weary land of exile,
 How unlike my home !



THE EAGLE AND THE PARROT.

“Der liebe Gott hat vershiedene Kostgänger.”

A German Proverb.

A CERTAIN parrot set himself to ponder ;
 The thing was new, no marvel he should blunder,
 His shallow thoughts were soon dissolved in wonder.

He tried to solve this knotty problem, why
 The eagle spent his time in soaring high,
 When all his wants on earth he could supply.

At length, by means of claws and crooked beak,
He wrote a letter—'twas a foolish freak ;
But to the king of birds he dared not speak :

Yes, dared not ; so assumed a lofty tone—
As many a coward ere his time has done,
To hide the fear they are ashamed to own.

“Thou foolish bird,” ’twas thus the letter ran,
“On naked rocks, far from the haunts of man,
Scarce finding aught to feed thyself and clan,

“See what a bright and happy lot is mine,
In golden cage I plume my feathers fine,
In crystal cups for me clear waters shine.

“Perched on thy cliff, beside the roaring sea,
Famished thou art, for all thy majesty ;
While kindly human hands provide for me.”

With condescending looks the eagle read ;
Then, bowing graciously his royal head,
Flew to the parrot’s cage, and thus he said :—

“Good cheer and gold comprise thy heart’s desire ;
But I delight in tempest and in fire,
Through cloud and sunshine ceaselessly aspire.

“Eat dainties in thy gilded prison here,
I famish, but enjoy a loftier sphere,
And, perched on freedom’s heights, I know not fear.

Eagles and parrots still on earth are found—
Those seek the sun, these grovel on the ground.
Give room, by Heaven's decree both sorts abound.

The arrows of thy scorn may reach to me,
When soaring in the clouds of phantasy,
And my ideal thoughts will reach not thee,
While in thy cage thou sits contentedly,
Heaven knows, we do not, wherefore it should be.”



ASK NOT.

THE strength which faith in God imparts
Is healing sure ;
The deepest wounds of human hearts,
This balm can cure.

Though weary long the process be,
The patient soul
With Heaven's own bandage shall be bound ;
God makes it whole.

But ah, the sympathy of earth,
Though soft its hand,
With ill-timed touch can oft remove
The healing band.

Though cramps by friction may be cured,
Yet, ere they close,
The heart-wounds by bereavement made
Must have repose.

Then of my welfare ask me not,
Kind friend, I pray ;
Nor question of the loved and lost,
Far, far away.

The exile never can be well,—
Life's dreams are gone :
Health is a state unknown to him,
Who dwells alone.



FRAGMENT.

KNOWEST thou, my child, the flood of yearning,
The storm of feelings in the heart,
When, all thy soul within thee burning,
Lies writhing 'neath a secret smart ?
Vainly for breath and language seeking
O'erfilled with feelings no words can tell,
As the billows that dash on the rock, wild shrieking,
To burst their fetters vainly swell.
Hope shines afar with a pale starlight,
And memory gushes like tear-drops bright ;
A heartwarm melody fain would'st thou sing,
But the words are frozen and dry in their spring.
Thus must it rage in a dumb one's breast,
When calls for language its fluttering guest,
To answer his loved one's greeting blest ;
Thus must he feel, who in the tomb
Awakes, when trance to life gives room,

Oh, happy he, who, with poet's power,
Can paint the anguish of such an hour,
Can soothe with a song his spirit's moan,
And dash from the soul the threat'ning stone.
But oh, if nature then deny
The hero's right to victory ;
If waves on waves of yearning roll,
Uncharmed by music from the soul ;
The spirit worn in vain contends,
Its longing wild in madness ends.

MISUNDERSTANDING WOUNDS THE HEART.

"YOU'RE a flatterer," said a lady, knowing not the
wound inflicted,
Knowing not the thoughtless sentence to the listener's
heart had pierced.
He alone can be a flatterer, who is simple and conceited,
And believes his victim, like him, of a superficial mould.
If I say the flower is perfumed, or "of Eden 'tis an
earnest,"
Is it not the self-same meaning, nothing but a choice of
language ?
When in words I clothe my feelings, and make audible
my musings,
Is it flattery, when in grateful admiration oft I speak ?
Stars that deck the mighty heavens, flowers that fill the
earth with beauty,
Children with their guileless faces, and their new and
happy spirits—

These are all my chosen favourites ; here I seek my life's
elixir.

Flattery ! when the words of Schiller with my heart
and lips I echo—

“ Honour be to women, twining with our earthly life
heaven's roses,”

I but speak of those who, rightly comprehending their
vocation,

Lead alike the king and shepherd, all who live within
their influence,

Like the guiding star of morning, to where virtue
cradled lies.

To a stranger you're indulgent, you forgive his foreign
accent,

Why not then his choice of language, of his country,
too, a part ?

Those who love and seek for flattery soonest fancy they
detect it,

E'en in voice of upright friendship listen for the honeyed
tones.

Look into your own hearts deeper, thus you'll learn the
hearts of others :

All alike are mirrors, varied but by difference of re-
flection.

Hard it is for one accustomed to the privilege of
friendship

To repress the gush of feeling and his deeper thoughts
conceal' ;

Harder still misapprehended by his very friends to be.

A FAREWELL WORD TO THE READER.

“J’ai lu dans quelque endroit qu’un meûnier et son fils
Allaient vendre leur âne un certain jour de foire.

.
Les gens en parleront, n’en doutez nullement.”

La Fontaine.

A SCENE TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Someone.—“Holloa! why this is prose in the MS.: in the prospectus it is called ‘a song.’”

Author.—“Yes; a song in the original Polish, but translated into English prose.”

Someone.—“Is it so? I did not understand that; poetry translated into prose is very tiresome.”

Someone else.—“A song! dear me! Shakespeare all at once! You had better content yourself with a simple sketch of events in prose.”

Author.—“You at least I had hoped would not have reproached me with presumption. You have often had opportunities of convincing yourself that I am perfectly aware of the imperfection of my knowledge of your language. But here there is no question of poetic skill. As stated in the prospectus, it is a prose translation into English.”

Someone.—“Indeed! I never observed it. Show

me the prospectus. Oh! it's something, I suppose, of this sort: Manchester thoughts on Peace, like Elihu Burritt's Peace Papers for the People."

Author.—"No! they are my own thoughts on war and peace, combined with sketches of the character of my countrymen, that, from a representation of their faults and prejudices, their virtues and predilections may be better imagined."

Someone else.—"This letter to Prince Wladislaus won't do. The prospectus says 'there is no excitement for war.' "

Author.—"Yes! no excitement for the reader, to whom our fate is a clear proof of the fearful consequences of war; but to the Prince, I address language that depicts the feelings of the Polish exiles generally. These are mostly of a warlike nature—another evil of war—and I cannot call black white."

Someone.—"Apropos, you have sent no prospectuses to your friends in S——. They will feel hurt. In S—— *The Friend* is not read, and it will look as though you shut out of your circle of friends those who are most warmly interested for you. I advise you to send circulars to all your friends.

Author.—"I have resolved to send to none, with the exception of two of my acquaintances living in parts where my name is unknown. To these I

have written, asking them to give their guarantee that I am a genuine and sincere person, and no speculator in ideas—that the reader will find truth in my book. Besides, my opening of a subscription list is only an advertisement, and no invitation. I have not the means of printing at a risk; and though I have this book much at heart, yet, as I should not be warranted in incurring unnecessary expenses, I cannot print it till I know whether a work on Poland is likely to find readers. This is the only object of the subscription list. I thought I said so expressly in my letter to the Editor of *The Friend*.”

Someone.—“ You are mistaken; there is no difference between literary advertisements and others; they are always invitations to customers, just in the same way as ‘Holloway’s Pills,’ ‘Fresh Oysters,’ &c., &c.”

Author.—“ This last remark of your’s would induce me at once to abandon my project, were I not convinced that my acquaintances know me too well and think too nobly to fall into such a misapprehension. I think my friends, as well as the public, will add their names to the list, if the title interests them, but not unless. The prospectus shows the reader what he will find in the book. I have a definite object in publishing this work; such as

know me, as well as those who read with any depth of feeling, will easily guess it. My sense of duty in doing my utmost for the attainment of this object makes it easier for me to persist in the undertaking, in spite of the many hindrances and grievances, and the contradictory advice, which even at its commencement wound and mortify me. I know well that, as Göethe says, 'Eines paszt sich nicht für Alle.' Many will find in my book much to object to, but the real seeker after truth will look upon the faults of his fellow-men with indulgence; and it is to gain the sympathy of such, for the cause of my fatherland, that my heart thirsts. For the opinion of those who are guided by party spirit I care not; yet I know but too well that feelings which almost rend the heart of the writer may fail to cause that of the reader even to beat more quickly, and subjects which are of the highest interests to the one—forming, indeed, the question of his life—may be met by the other with the yawn of ennui. But, threadbare and old-fashioned as Poland has become in the eyes of England, even the phlegmatic diplomatist, and those who give themselves out to be philanthropists from want of employment, must see from these pale sketches that in ancient times, as well as in their later days of political humiliation, in prosperity as in adver-

sity, the Poles were and are a nation whose first and deepest feelings are, faith in God, a high sense of honour, and obedience to the call of duty; that egotism and falseness in diplomacy are impossibilities in our national character; that the heart of a true Pole beats high with valour, and readiness to serve, and if need be to die in the cause of freedom; that a people actuated by such sentiments cannot easily be crushed; that Poland may become either the foundation of peace or the ever-threatening thunderbolt of war, according as Europe treats her with justice or with cruelty—according as she can look upon England as a sister, or as a slave sold to Russia.

If only in *some* English hearts these thoughts have been aroused, then will the storm of criticism and the bullets of party spirit and egotism whistle unheeded over my head.

“Si totus fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.”—*Horace*.



HISTORICAL NOTES COMPILED BY THE AUTHOR.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA.

AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA is precisely the contrast of England, cunning in her foreign policy, and with a weak and tyrannical government at home ; bankrupt as to her finances, without freedom of the press, and with her trade and industry cramped and stunted. The notorious falseness and cowardice of her diplomacy ; Russian protection aided by the mean conspiracies of Rome, and systematically-introduced division amongst her different nationalities—these are the rotten threads which hold together this variegated harlequin-coat, the mish-mash of countries which constitute Austria.

Of all the various lands crippled by the yoke of Austria, Hungary was the only one which for centuries was attached to her government. Of her own free will she made choice of the House of

Austria to place upon her throne, preserved it under Maria Teresa from inevitable ruin, and in consequence became still more attached to it. She was also the only Austrian domain that had a constitution. Therefore Elihu Burritt was quite right in saying, that in 1848 Austria had no other object than that of assimilating Hungary with the rest of her dominions, and thus introducing uniformity into her system of government. But he was in error when he maintained that she had a right to do so—that it was politic, christian, or serviceable to civilization; for the Austrian emperors took the oath to maintain the constitution inviolate, and only under this condition did they become Kings of Hungary. By the constitution, Hungary's trade, press, educational establishments, the exercises of religion, and the administration of the law, were made free. This freedom kept up the kindly feeling of the country toward Austria. Now, no one can maintain that perjury is christian or just; that despotism is more serviceable to civilization than a constitutional government; that it could be good policy to exchange the love of the Hungarian nation for Russian protection. The Constitution of Hungary had one leading fault, which arose from its antiquity, and the spirit of the times in which its existence commenced, namely, that all the burdens

of the state were borne by those who were not of the nobility. But the progress of civilization pointed out their error to the Hungarian nobility; and in 1848, at the same time that the noblemen of Galicia voluntarily proclaimed their subjects* independent and free of vassalage, those of Hungary declared themselves ready to share the burdens of the state with their fellow-citizens of the middle and lower classes. Austria permitted this change, and the Emperor Ferdinand took the oath to the new Constitution, and ordered the Hungarian army to do the same. In a few months he required them to break this oath; the entire army refused to become perjurers, and thus broke out the Hungarian war for freedom, which ended with the treachery of Görgei. The traitor obtained a promise from Austria and Russia that the lives of his fellow-citizens and former comrades should be spared. How far Austria kept her word the following list will show; the names cited comprise only those which are known to me with certainty.

* The connection between the nobles and their subjects partook somewhat of the character of the patriarchal times.

MEMORIAL TABLE OF THE POLITICAL MARTYRS
EXECUTED IN HUNGARY IN THE YEARS 1849-50.

EDITED BY AN OFFICER OF THE HUNGARIAN ARMY.

COUNT LUDWIG BATTHYANY (pronounced Bott-jahnj) de Német Ujvár; born in Presburg; 40 years of age; Catholic; married, and father of three children; Chamberlain; Hereditary Supreme Count of the county of Eisenburg; Minister; President. Shot at Pesth, 6th October, 1849. The Count breathed out his great soul with the words, "Elhjen o hosó!"—Our fatherland for ever!

LADISLAUS CSANYI (pronounced Tschahnji), de Csan; born in the county Zalaer; 52 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; chief commissary and consul. Hanged at Pesth, October 10, 1849. Csànyi kissed the rope which released him from a life that had no more value for him, since he could not see his country happy.

LUDWIG AULICH; born at Presburg; 57 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; major-general and minister of war; knight of the Military Order of Merit, 2nd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Even to death he remained true to his motto—"Be moderate in prosperity, great in misfortune." As the first sufferer in the bloody tragedy of the 6th of October, at Arad, he mounted

the steps to the scaffold with the cheerful calmness of a sage; while, during his various judicial examinations, no other answer was to be wrung from him but this: "At the command of my king, I have taken the oath to the constitution, and will remain true to it to my latest breath."

After the three ministers who were thus sacrificed to a cruel policy, came four of the best statesmen of Hungary.

BARON SIGMUND PERENYI (pronounced Perehnji), de Ardò, of the county Beregh; 66 years of age; Catholic; married, and father of one child; member of the association for the defence of the country; Vice-President of the Hungarian House of Peers. Hanged at Pesth, 23rd October, 1849.

BARON JOHANN JESZENIK (pronounced Jesse-nahk), of Presburg; 49 years of age; Evangelical Lutheran; Supreme Count and member of the Hungarian House of Peers; Government Commissary for the county Presburg and Neutra. Hanged at Pesth, 10th October, 1849.

EMMERICH SZACSVAY (pronounced Szottschuvi), de Kis-Erök, of the county of Bibar; 31 years of age; unmarried; Delegate and Secretary of the Hungarian Diet. Hanged at Pesth, 23rd October, 1849.

EMANUEL CSERUYUS (pronounced Tscherrujusch)

de Kőköszi, of the county of Gömör; 41 years of age; Catholic; married; formerly State Councillor of the Hungarian Exchequer, afterwards Ministerial Councillor of the Hungarian Finance Department. Hanged at Pesth, 23rd October, 1849.

Here follow the thirteen distinguished generals who surrendered at discretion to the Russians, and were by them delivered over to the Austrians.

ERNST KIS (pronounced Kisch), Von Ellemèr and Ittebe, of the county Temesch; 49 years of age; Catholic; a widower, without children; Field Marshal, Lieutenant and Commanding General of Hungary; knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, 1st class; Commander of the Hungarian Military Order of Merit; Knight of the Papal Order of Christ. Shot at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Kis died calmly and cheerfully as a martyr to the faith he had sworn to his fatherland. His immense estates, worth several millions, as also those of Batthyany and all his fellow-sufferers, were confiscated.

JOHANN DAMJANICH (pronounced Damjanitsch), the conqueror of Raizen, called the Hungarian Wellington; 35 years of age; Greek Church; married, without family; Major-General; Commander of the 3rd division of the army; afterwards Fortress-Commandant in Arad. After the general

surrender, he received an order from the Austrian government to deliver up the stronghold. At the first demand he answered laconically, "The fortress cannot parley:" and at the second, "The fortress will surrender to a single Russian Cossack, but will resist to the last man the entire strength of the Austrian army." As his broken leg would not allow of his walking, he was taken in a carriage to the place of execution. Here he was obliged to watch for four hours the execution of his comrades; till at length his turn coming, he met death with calm cheerfulness. "How singular," he remarked, "that I, always the first against my enemies, should now close the hero-procession of my brothers in arms."

JOSEPH VON NAGY-SANDOR (pronounced Nottej-Schalmdor), of the county of Bihar, called the Murat of the Hungarian army; 35 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; Major-general and Commander of the 1st division of the army; Knight of the Hungarian Military Order of Merit, 2nd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Nagy-Sandor stormed Buda, as is well known, and, according to Görgei, fought against a tenfold superiority of Russians at Debreczin, on the 2nd of August, 1849. At once a patriot and a warrior, he bore his fate with calmness and determination. With a firm

tread he mounted the steps to the gallows, and then cried to the Austrians the ominous words "Hodie mihi cras tibi."

COUNT CHARLES VECSEY, (pronounced Wehtschey), de Hainacsko, of the country of Pesth; Catholic; married; Royal Imperial Chamberlain; Major-general, and Commander of the Cernirungs corps of Temesvar. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849.

COUNT CHARLES LEININGEN-WESTERBOURG, Lord of Ilbenstadt and Erdstadt; born at Ilbenstadt, in the electorate of Hesse; 30 years of age; Evangelical Lutheran; married, and father of one child; Major-general, and Commander of the 3rd division of the army; Knight of the Hungarian Military Order of Merit, 2nd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th of October. Leiningen, the scion of one of the oldest families of Germany, which was allied by marriage with the royal house of England, and had rendered many services to the Austrian empire, was, through his Hungarian wife, Elise Von Sissanyi, and his possessions in Hungary, attached to the land; and beside this, he belonged to an Hungarian regiment bearing the name of his uncle, the Royal Imperial Field-marshal Lieutenant Augustus Count Leiningen-Westerbourg. At the outbreak of the war in Hungary, he was captain on furlough, and he

did not hesitate to join himself to the cause of his new fatherland, which he ever after espoused with zeal. After many battles fought with valour, he was promoted to the rank of general as commander of the 3rd division of the army. He gave battle to the Russian Lieutenant-General Grabbe, on the 26th of July, 1849, at Gessthely, where he gave to the enemy proofs, not only of his bravery, but also of his generosity. He ordered 300 wounded Russians who were lying on the field of battle, (amongst them ten officers), to have their wounds dressed, refreshed them with food and drink, and then sent them back into the Russian camp. Hence this noble cavalier could not understand how it was that they gave him and his comrades no breakfast on the morning of the dreadful 6th of October. A brave Austrian officer, who had heard of the generosity of the count, offered him some wine from his field-flask, which he declined taking, with thanks; in order, as he said, that the corps ranged at the execution, might not think General Leiningen was obliged to seek courage in stimulants.

ERNEST PÖLT (Knight of Pöltemberg); born at Vienna, 36 years of age; Catholic; married; father of three children; Major-general, and Commander of the 7th division of the army; Knight of the Military Order of merit, 2nd class. Hanged at

Arad, 6th October, 1849. Pöltemberg was bound to Hungary by nothing but his oath. As captain of the horse in the 3rd regiment of Hussars of the Grand Duke Alexander he marched to Hungary with his regiment in 1848. Before his departure, Pöltemberg requested to be transferred to another regiment, as he felt no inclination to enter into any engagements toward Hungary. The Minister of War, Royal Imperial F. Z. M. Count Bailette of La Tour, commanded him to march to Hungary according to orders. He obeyed, put himself under the Hungarian Ministry, and took the oath of faithfulness to the Hungarian Constitution, at the command of Count Lamberg, F. M. L.

ARISTID VON DESSEWFY, (pronounced Deschehfi), Lord of Csernek and Tarcö, of the county of Abujvárs; 47 years of age; Evangelical Lutheran; general of cavalry; Knight of the Hungarian Order of Merit, 3rd class. Shot at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Dessewfy on his way to Turkey was soon overtaken by a courier bearing a despatch from his former companion in arms, F. M. L. Prince Francis Lichtenstein, who begged him to return and trust his fate to the mercy of the Emperor of Austria. Dessewfy had good reason to feel attractions homeward. Scarcely a month before he had married a beautiful girl, and the honeymoon was not yet over,

so he accepted Lichtenstein's invitation. He and Colonel Lazar did not surrender to the Russians, but to the Austrians, and so they both received a *pardon*—namely, powder and shot.

JOHANN VON LENKY, Lord of Lenke and Zadorfalva; 35 years of age; Evangelical Helvetian; unmarried; general of cavalry. As captain of cavalry in the 6th regiment of Hussars of the King of Wurtemberg, he fought his way from Galicia to Hungary in the autumn of 1848, with a division of brave men, and came to the help of his threatened fatherland. He was condemned to the gallows, but escaped this unjust punishment by means of poison. He was found on the morning of the 6th October, stretched dead upon his couch.

IGNATIUS TÖRÖK DE NEMES Csò, of the county of Pesth, 54 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; major-general, and director of fortifications; Knight of the Hungarian Order of Merit, 2nd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Török was a pupil of the Academy for Engineers in Vienna. Grown gray in the service of the Austrian army, he was, during the years 1838-46, major in the Hungarian noble life-guard of the king, and professor of the Genie-Wissenschaften in Vienna, where, amongst many others famed in the Hungarian war, Generals Görgei and Klapka were his scholars. The

outbreak of the war found him lieutenant-colonel of the royal Imperial Genie-corps and local director of fortifications in the fortress of Komorn.

GEORG LAHNER, of the county of Sohl; 52 years of age; Catholic; married; father of one child; major-general, inspector of arms and equipments; Knight of the Hungarian Order of Merit, 3rd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849. This experienced veteran served under Austria, against France, in the years 1813-15, and at the outbreak of the Servian revolution in Hungary, in 1848, he became major of the 3rd battalion of the 33rd Hungarian regiment of Infantry. In the Hungarian Süd-Armee, where he was always to be seen in the foremost ranks of the brave, as chief of the arming department, through his knowledge and zeal he rendered extraordinary services to his fatherland, to which he clung with body and soul.

CARL KNEZICH (pronounced Knehsitsch), of the county of Varasdin; 41 years of age; Catholic; married; father of two children; major-general and commander of a division of the army, for a while commander of the 3rd division; Knight of the Hungarian Order of Merit, 3rd class. Hanged at Arad, 6th October, 1849.

JOSEPH SCHWEIDEL, of the county of Bács; 58

years of age; Catholic; married; father of five children; military town-commandant of Pesth, afterwards of Szegedin. Shot at Arad, 6th October, 1849. Schweidel served thirty years in the Austrian army with distinction. When the soldiers commanded to execute him shot twice, and missed each time, the general cried to them, while he tore the bandage from his eyes and looked steadfastly at their pale faces, "You are cowards: you have not courage to aim at the heart of a warrior grown grey in service!" At the third volley he was stretched dead on the ground.

LUDWIG KAZINCZY (pronounced Kosintzi), de Szephalon, of the county of Zemplin; 29 years of age; Evangelical Helvetian; unmarried; major-general, and commandant of a division of the army; Knight of the Hungarian Military Order of Merit, 3rd class. Shot at Arad, 25th October, 1849. Kazinczy was the youngest general in the army, and the last who surrendered to the Russians. He, with his 1200 men, laid down their arms before the Russian Lieutenant-General Grotenhjelm, in Transylvania, on the 25th May, 1849, after the latter had assured him, through his adjutant, Timaschof, that the general might have unbounded confidence in the generosity of the Czar, both for himself and his corps.

We have now to make mention of sixteen of the most able of the staff and superior officers.

WILHELM LAZAR (pronounced Lahsar), de Etska, of the county Torontal ; 34 years of age ; Catholic ; married, and father of three children ; colonel and commandant of the division of an army ; Knight of the Hungarian Order of Merit. Shot the 6th October, 1849.

NORBERT ORMAY, of Doberczan, in Bohemia ; 36 years of age ; Evangelical Lutheran ; married ; colonel and commandant of the first Hungarian chasseur corps, Flügel - adjutant of Governor Kossuth. Hanged at Arad, 21st August, 1849.

MIECZYSLAW PRINCE WORONIECZKI, de Skurawa, of the circle of Jaslaw, in Galicia ; 25 years of age ; Catholic ; unmarried ; colonel and commandant of a band of chasseurs named after him. Hanged at Pesth, 20th October, 1849. Woronieczki, the bold stormer of the batteries of Perlass, was, with his countryman, Captain Abancourt, taken prisoner by the Austrians in the battle of Szoreg, 5th August, 1849, and both were led off to Pesth. The youth and beauty of the Prince awoke much compassion for him ; and when the news spread suddenly in Pesth that the Prince was to be hanged, ladies of the highest rank entreated Haynau to delay the execution, because they

wished to entreat the Emperor to pardon the youthful Prince, and hoped to obtain the favour. Haynau was inexorable.

BARON LADISLAUS MEDNYANSZKY (pronounced Mednjahnski), de Medgyes, of the county of Trentschin; 29 years of age; Catholic; married; lieutenant-colonel, local director of fortifications of the fortress of Leopoldstadt. Hanged at Presburg, 5th June, 1849. Mednyanszky belonged to the oldest noble family of the country, his uncle was the President of the Exchequer, Aloys Trentschin Mednyanski, most honourably known abroad through his valuable historical writings. At the surrender of the fortress of Leopoldstadt to the Austrian Field-Marshal Simonich, on the 2nd February, 1849, Mednyanski, with the artillery-commandant Captain Gruber, were taken prisoners, and both were taken to Presburg. When General of the Ordnance Baron Haynau undertook the chief command in Hungary, he made his *débüt* as executioner with the two prisoners of war Mednyanszky and Gruber. They could not at least be accused of the crime with which the other prisoners of war were reproached, namely, that they had remained in the service of the Hungarian government after it had declared itself independent of the House of Hapsburg Lothringen; for in February, 1849, no one thought

of a declaration of independence. This followed on the 14th April, as an answer to the Austrian Constitution chartered on the 4th of March.

PETER GIRON, of Aix-la-Chapelle, Rhenish Prussia; 51 years of age; Evangelical Helvetian; Lieut.-Commander of the German Legion in Hungary. Hanged at Pesth, 20th October, 1849. Giron, during the revolution of October, was stationed in Vienna, where he fought bravely as captain of an *arbeiter-compagnie*. After the taking of Vienna he fled to Hungary, and there organized a German legion, to which he was appointed commandant by the Hungarian government. During the general laying down of arms at Vilagos, he was taken prisoner at Grosswardein, led to Pesth, condemned to death, and executed with the two Poles, Woronieczki and Abancourt. Smoking a cigar, Giron went with his two companions in suffering to the place of execution, where he inspired the two young Poles with courage. Arrived at the steps of the scaffold, he had a slight skirmish with the executioner as the latter commanded him to take off his tabard. Giron said he had worn it in honour, and should die more suitably in it; that it should not disturb the executioner in his operations was his affair, not Giron's. Already he had the cord around his neck, and smiled cheerfully

upon his already deceased comrade in arms (Woronieczki) beside him. "Giron showed how a man ought to die," said the inhabitants. Socrates himself did not drain the cup of poison so courageously as Giron suffered martyrdom.

LUDWIG HAUKE, of Vienna; 51 years of age; Catholic; lieutenant-colonel, stadtholder of Werschetz. Hanged at Arad, 31st of February, 1850. 2 Jan Hauke, royal imperial lieutenant-colonel, was in the summer of 1848 co-editor of the *Viennese Constitution Journal*, and during the October Revolution in Vienna, major and commandant of the *mobile-corps*. After the taking of Vienna, he, like Giron, fled to Hungary, and there stayed awhile with the Kossuth family, where he was warmly welcomed. In the spring of 1849 he enrolled himself in the Transylvanian army, under Bem, and thence came in this capacity to Wirshetz.

VITALUS SÖLL, of Marburg in Steiermark; 24 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; major and commandant of the Hungarian Tyrolese Sharpshooter Battalion. Shot at Ofen, 30th January, 1850. Söll made the campaign of the Austrians in Italy in the summer of 1848, among the Tyrolese volunteers, and distinguished himself at the storming of the plateaus of Rivoli so highly, that he was promoted by F. M. Radetzski to the rank of lieutenant. After

the truce with Charles Albert was concluded, he returned to Hungary, his former home. He felt himself urged by strong impulse to take part in the cause of Hungary against Austria, and called upon his countrymen to do the same. We saw him at the defence of Marchbrücke against the Austrians, fighting like a lion in the brigade Kosztolanyi of Görgei's army. At the entrance of Windischgratz into Pesth, on 5th January, 1849, he, with his adjutant, Edward Pol, were taken prisoners, and both were condemned to death; but the major's sentence was commuted from hanging to shooting, and the adjutant's from shooting to eight years' imprisonment in irons.

KNIGHT JULIUS HENLEY VON SCHWANNENHEIM, of the county of Temesch; 23 years of age; Catholic; unmarried; major and commandant of a Honved battalion. Shot at Temesvár, 20th August, 1849.

SAMUEL MURMANN, of the county of Odenburg; 32 years of age; Evangelical Lutheran; unmarried; major and commandant of a Honved battalion. Shot at Temesvár, 25th August, 1849.

Here follow the names of the remaining martyrs:—

ANDREAS TAMÁS
PHILIPP GRUBER
CARL ABANCOURT

GIOVANNI BALDINI
THEODOR NOVÁK
JULIUS ALMÁSY

LADISLAUS SANDOR
 ALEXANDER VON PETÖCZ
 JOHANN RAZGA
 JOHANN GONSECZKY
 NIKOLAUS STREIT
 DAVID MÉSZÁROS
 ANDREAS KANTSUR
 GEORG FÜLÖP
 JOSEPH MEZEY
 FRANZ TREKSZLER
 MATHIAS GABEL
 JOSEPH STIFT
 EMERICH ISTOK
 JOSEPH TÖTH
 FRAUZ FÖRSTER
 JOSEPH SCHWEITZER
 IGNATZ PALLIK
 ADOLPH VOJTICS
 DANIEL CHRISTIAN KURTZ
 JOHAN MÁRKUS
 WOLFGANG BENCZE

IGNATZ UITZ
 SIGMUND CSÖMÖ
 MICHAEL KUTZKO
 FRANZ HAVELKA
 ANDREAS HÜBNER
 GEORG KOCZO
 FELIX SLAWSKI
 PAUL GANCS
 MICHAEL VARGA
 EMERICH FEKETE
 JOSEPH BARTA
 STEPHEN BERCZEK
 JOHANN ZEHNMARKT
 JOHANN SÁNTA
 GREGOR OCSKAY
 GEORG DUDO
 EMERICH RAFFAY
 MATHIAS SZVELKA
 MICHAEL BOTTOS
 GEORG BONCSÁK
 JOSEPH BUGYIK.

APPENDIX II.

RUSSIA.

“Infandum o regina jubes renovare dolorem.”—*Virgil.*

THE new Czar has his father's old flatterers, and has added fresh ones of his own. His words are collected as pearls, and treasured in Europe's airy castle, in hope of a lasting peace, without having

established the kingdom of the gospel there. The friends of Russia, friends of brute force, who carry their hearts in their pockets, and who would fain make pharisaical hypocrisy pass for religion; who condemn the slave-laws of America, although they are introduced and kept up by people of their own stamp, since they help the Czar to introduce similar laws into Europe; false prophets, who blasphemously proclaim the new Czar as the Messiah of peace; fools who seek the kingdom of the Czar, instead of the kingdom of God, and yet believe that all other things shall be added unto them; whose mouths water when they pronounce the name of the Czar; these, with their long ears wide open when the Czar speaks, and their little contracted hearts absorbed in themselves, may yet possibly have failed to overhear the repeated declaration of Alexander II. that he will sacredly (?) carry on the work begun by his father in Poland—that he will tread in the footsteps of Nicholas.

Science is light and egotism darkness: where the latter reigns, the former has not penetrated. Therefore for egotists, who, though doubtless well acquainted with the biographies of Pereira, Palmer, and Louis Napoleon, have never troubled themselves to reflect on the philosophy of the history of nations, or turned over the pages telling of the oppression

of their brothers in the Christian religion ; for the champions of darkness and the worshippers of the golden calf in Russia, I write chronological extracts from the legislating ukases for Poland, 1831-45 as explanatory of the effect upon civilized Europe which the fulfilment of the intentions of the Czar to tread in the footsteps of his father would involve. I know well that their hearts, dressed in Russian leather, will not be softened even by the tears of millions ; yet this exposition shall appear in the English language, that we Poles may not be one day met with the reproach, that we have never even laid our case before England—the only representative of freedom, justice and religion ; of the love of the nation to its monarch, and of royal hearts that are Christian and paternal ones also : the *only* one, I say, whose voice is audible in the Diet of the Pandemonium of Europe ; for such an accusation was made against Kossuth with regard to Hungary. Do not say, ye truly English hearts, “the explanation is superfluous : our sympathies have long been with the Poles, and only geographical obstacles have prevented our giving proof of it. Our Queen, descended from a house chosen by ourselves, and which through her has become doubly dear to us, has a truly English heart, which beats in unison with those of her people ; but the welfare of her own land is her first duty ; diplomatic hin-

drances keep her back. When the right time comes, Poland will see the true significance of England. Should it not come, who then could think of reproaching us, since our hearts are overflowing with sympathy?" Permit me to reply: I feel that you speak from your hearts. England has, in one respect at least, given Poland a proof of friendship; since she has not followed the example of France in poisoning our blood with false hopes, for purely egotistical aims. As to your Queen, I love her as though I had breathed English air from my childhood; but let me remind you that the Apostles had many geographical and diplomatic difficulties in the way of their propagation of the gospel. To England, in my opinion, is committed the mission of the Apostles throughout Europe; theirs it is to extend the reign of the gospel. As to reproaches, in a sympathizing kingdom—at the meeting of the Friends of Poland in 1856, I heard the reproach that a Pole who forges heavier chains for Poland presides at the Paris Conferences. Well might scorn have closed my lips, since the President of the Paris Conferences only obtained a Polish name because his mother forgot the virtue of Polish women, but never had a Polish heart, and does not deserve even the name of a renegade, because he never was a Pole. One meets with reproaches oftener than with proofs of sympathy.

Alas ! I have no right to assume in England the voice of one crying in the wilderness of Europe "Prepare the way of the Lord." But, thanks be to God, that as a free Englishman, and as a patriotic Pole, it is not only my right, but also my duty, to speak from my heart ; and therefore here follow the chronological extracts :—

1831.—*August*.—The Constitution of Poland is abrogated, and the manuscript of the original act is sent to Russia. The House of Parliament in Warsaw shall be converted into barracks. The Museum of the Fine Arts of Warsaw is removed to Petersburg. Under penalty of rigorous imprisonment, politics are banished from conversation in private families. The decree condemning the Prince Roman Sanguszko, to service for life in the mines of Siberia, for his Polish ideas, is laid before the Emperor.*

November 3rd.—A commission for disposing of those who took part in the war of independence is established, and empowered to give sentences of exile, confiscation, and death.†

* The Emperor added to this decree with his own hand "He shall perform the whole of the journey on foot."

† The commission requested the Emperor to supply them with directive rules. He gave his answer in two words—"Speedy and severe."

The University of Warsaw and the higher schools of Poland are abolished. Five thousand noble families are banished to the Caucasus.

1832.—*January 19th.*—The establishment for cadets in Kasilz is abolished.

February 10th.—All the orphans in Poland between the age of six and seventeen, whose fathers have not appointed any guardians for them, shall be sent into the military colonies, and divided into battalions.

February 14th.—The constitution given to Poland by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815,* is abrogated. It is declared a Russian province. Coronation in Warsaw is abolished. The Polish army shall be distributed among the Russian regiments. Russians shall be placed in all public offices.

February 15th.—The public library, the Museum, and the Gallery of Steel Engravings, shall be removed to Petersburg. The church revenues of 202 monasteries are confiscated and distributed among Russians.”†

April 6th.—The library of the Society of the Friends of Science is removed to Petersburg. Fresh

* England was one of the conferring parties.

† This was in defiance of the provision of their founder, that, in case of the dissolution of the monasteries, the revenues should be returned to his family.

names are added to the list of those sentenced to banishment.

May 1st.—The University of Wilna shall be closed.

June.—The use of the Polish language is forbidden throughout Lithuania in all judicial transactions.

July 17th.—Some church revenues are confiscated.

August 20th.—Of all marriages between persons belonging to the Muscovite Church, or professing other religions, only those are valid which are celebrated in the presence of a priest of the Greek Church. The offspring of mixed marriages shall be educated under the Muscovite ritual.

November 30th.—Further confiscation of church revenues. Polish money called in and declared not current.

1833.—*May 27th.*—A new tax shall be levied on Warsaw for the building of a citadel, for the maintenance of law and order in the city.

June 24th.—A schismatic bishop shall be established in Polock.

October 26th.—The cloister of Poczajow, and its celebrated riches and estates, shall be given over to the schismatic bishop.

November 9th.—The gymnasium in Krzemienice shall be closed.

December 12th.—Many noble families, as well as those of the middle classes, are banished.

1834.—*January 16th.*—Those of the nobility of Lithuania who cannot prove their charter of nobility, shall sell their estates by auction within three years.

April 17th.—All Russian subjects travelling abroad, not returning at the order of the Government, render themselves liable to the confiscation of their estates.

April 22nd.—A schismatic bishop shall be established in Warsaw.

May 20th.—The rate of taxation shall be increased, and a contribution of 10,000,000 of Polish florins levied on Warsaw.

June 28th.—The estates of 460 noblemen in the district of Wilno are confiscated.

August 7th.—The estates of 149 of the nobility in Wilna are confiscated.

September 16th.—The first series of sentences passed by the Russian judicial commission, on the Poles engaged in the war of 1831 is ratified: 240 persons to be hanged, 9 beheaded, and 7 condemned to suffer from ten to twenty years imprisonment.

November 4th.—No petitions for amnesty will be received. Those who, in defiance of the prohibition of amnesty, venture into the country and surrender at discretion, shall be treated as high traitors. The remaining estates of the Polish exiles shall be confiscated.

1835.—The royal directions as to the public educational establishments of the kingdom of Poland are published in the French language, under the title, “*Exposé des motifs, qui ont nécessité un supplément aux ordonances relatives à la discipline scolaire.*”*

October 16th.—The estates of the emigrants of the kingdom of Poland, yielding a yearly income of 280,000 Polish florins, shall be distributed among the Russian generals Rudiger, Geismar, Gorczakow, Berg, Dehn, Gillenschmidt, Pankratiew, Nostitz,

* The following are extracts from this imperial manifesto :—
 “Il est nécessaire que les écoliers des quatre classes supérieures de gymnases, soient envisagés comme mineures, et que loin d’être exempts de la punition corporelle, ils y soient soumis avec d’autant plus de rigueur, qu’ils sont censés devoir être raisonnables. Afin que la manière d’infliger la punition corporelle ne soit point arbitraire, et n’entraîne après elle des suites nuisibles à la santé, il est interdit de se servir d’autre instrument, que de verges de bouleau fraîches ou trempées dans l’eau les bouts non coupés, la grosseur en doit être d’un pouce environ à l’endroit de la ligature et la longueur d’une aune et demie ; il faut frapper à nu.

Tymofiew, as an imperial gift for the services rendered against Poland.*

December 6th.—All schools of Poland are placed under the superintendence of the schismatic clergy.

1836.—*January.*—Polish estates, with a yearly income of 120,000 florins, are presented to Generals Neihardt, Prasznikow, &c.

September 10th.—Polish estates, producing an annual income of 160,000 florins, presented to the Generals Knutz, Siewers, &c.

December 14th.—Estates, yielding an annual income of 95,000 Polish florins, presented to the Generals Gersztentzweig, Offenbergh, &c.

March 14th.—Polish estates, yielding an annual income of 58,000 florins, are presented to Generals Suchozant, Paton, &c.

1837.—The sons of Polish noblemen are not

* *October 16th.*—The Emperor Nicholas received the deputation of the citizens of Warsaw, and, without allowing them to speak, dismissed them with the following words, “Avant tout, il faut remplir ses devoirs, vous avez à choisir entre deux partis, ou persister dans vos illusions d’une Pologne indépendantes, ou vivre tranquillement en sujets soumis à mon gouvernement ; si vous persistez à vous obstenir dans vos rêves de nationalité distincte, de Pologne indépendante, et toute ces chimères, souvenez vous que j’ai fait élever ici la citadelle pour détruire Varsovie à la moindre émeute, et une fois détruite, certes ce ne sera pas moi qui la rebatirais.”

eligible for any public office in Poland, unless they have served five years in the interior of Russia.

March 7th.—The various divisions of the kingdom of Poland, which have hitherto borne the Polish name Woyewadszaffen, shall henceforward be divided and named like all the other Russian provinces.

January 9th.—The University of Kijow shall be closed for a year.

June.—General Szypow, director of the public educational affairs, gives notice that all the youth under tuition, without exception, are to consider the Russian language as their chief study. Children who refuse to obey this command are to receive corporal punishment, and their parents shall be fined for the first refusal 50 roubles, for the second, 100 roubles, for the third, 300 roubles. In case of a fourth refusal, both parents and children to be declared rebels, and dealt with accordingly. All private persons, without exception, are prohibited from providing a tutor for their children who is not furnished with a government testimonial of having passed an examination in the Russian language; the children receiving private instruction, must every month go through an examination in the Russian language, by a teacher of government appointment.

By the end of 1838, the Emperor Nicholas had presented to his generals Polish estates to the amount of 21,960,000 florins of yearly income. The estates confiscated in the eastern provinces were valued at 93,000,000 roubles.

No one who is not thoroughly conversant with the Russian language shall be admitted to any office whatsoever.

August.—General Szypow declares, in the name of the Emperor,—It is illegal for the citizens and peasants of both sexes throughout the kingdom of Poland to wear their national dress; all without exception are prohibited from wearing square caps, peacock's feathers, and Cracow sashes. The wearing of any articles in crimson, blue, or white (except linen which may be of the last-mentioned colour), is also prohibited. The citizens and peasants of Poland are commanded to provide themselves with dark-coloured clothes of a Russian cut. The women are permitted to dress in green and scarlet. Those who refuse to comply with this regulation, shall, without regard to sex or age, be punished by flogging.

1839—*April 6th.*—The clergy of the United Greek Church are declared henceforward one with the Imperial Russian Church.*

* From this ukase 400,000 in Lithuania alone were compelled to become schismatics.

May.—The Pope has canonized the deceased Uniciski; but since, according to the laws of Russia, one without title cannot be canonized, the Emperor elevates to the rank of a nobleman the deceased Uniciski.

June.—General Szypow prohibits the daily prayer preceding the lectures in the schools.

1840—*March 21st.*—Those who accept any other ritual than that of the Imperial Russian Church, render themselves liable to the confiscation of their estates.

June 25th.—The Lithuanian statutes are abolished.

July 6th.—The recruiting in the Russian provinces shall be in the proportion of six to 1000; in the kingdom of Poland eleven in 1000.*

1841.—*December 25th.*—Church revenues are confiscated.

1842.—*May 19th.*—The Polish citizens elevated to the rank of nobility are permitted, after three generations, to purchase land.

1844.—*September 10th.*—All Poles, without exception, are forbidden to cross the Russian frontier before the completion of their twenty-fifth year.

* In the year 1855, there were three levies; the first composed of nine; the second, fourteen; the third, twenty-one, in every 1000.

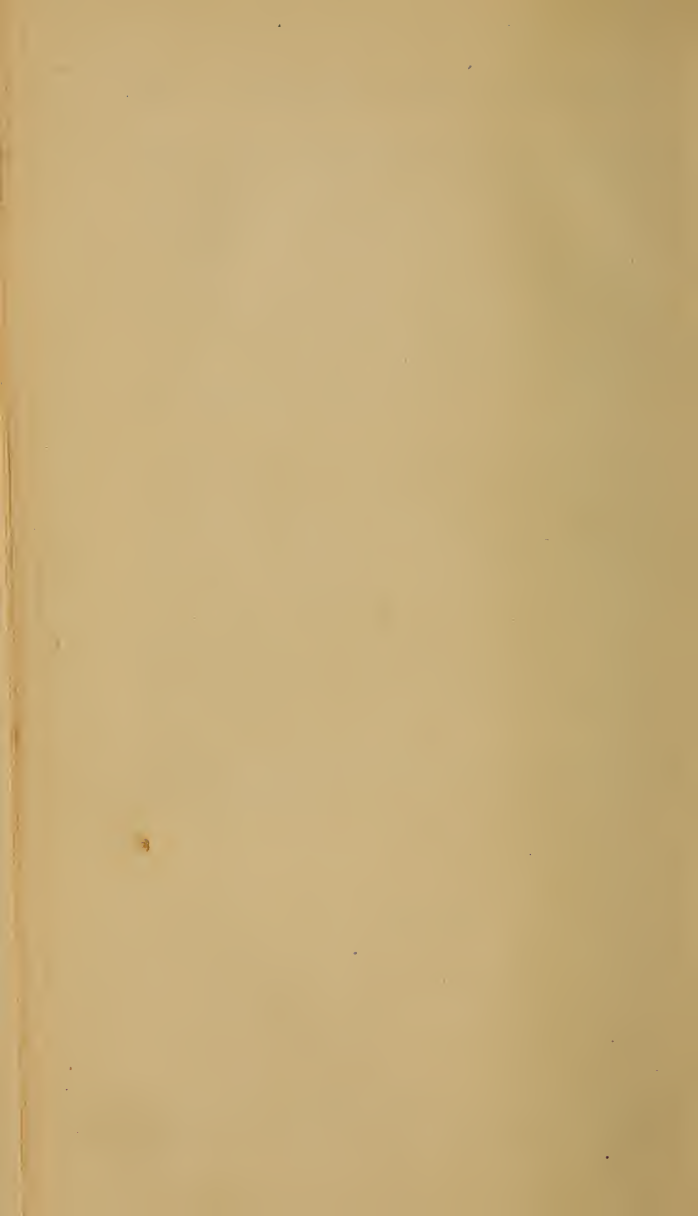
Those who have attained this age may apply for half-yearly passports; for every half-year a tax of 100 roubles for each person.

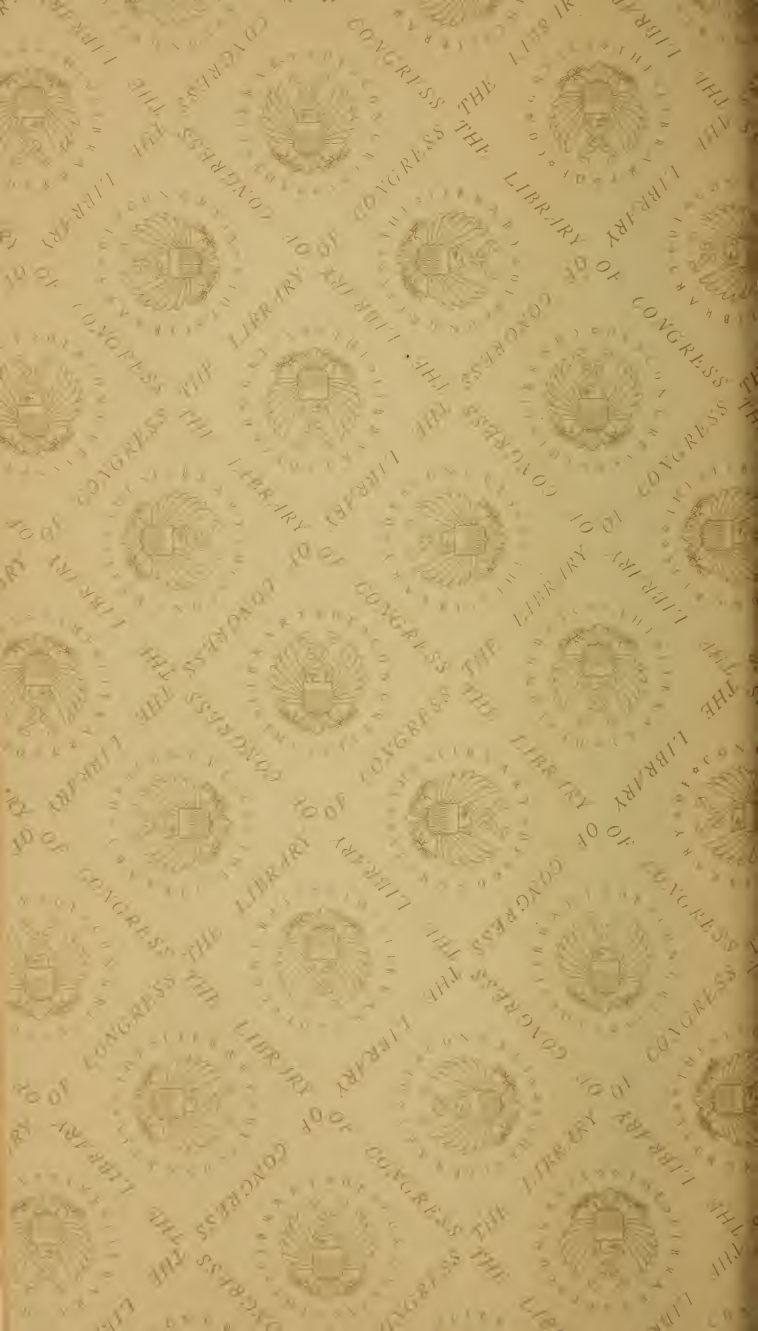
1845.—*June 22.*—A family who harbours a deserter must supply two recruits. Should there be no individual in the family eligible for military service, the head of the said family shall be flogged and banished to Siberia.*

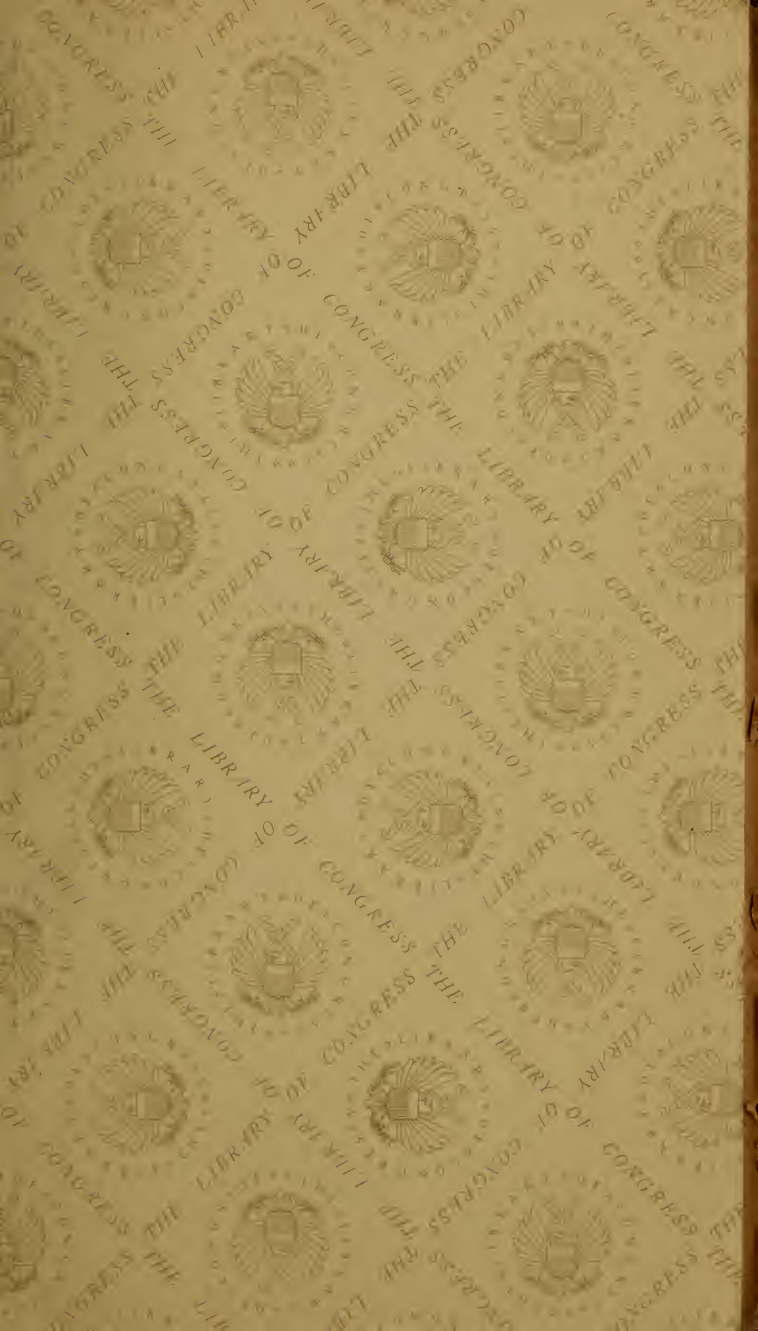
These are the prints which the foot of Nicholas, now mouldering in the grave, has left upon the ground of Poland, and which his son has repeatedly promised to follow. He will keep this promise better than the articles of the Paris Conferences. May his admirers never hear in their own houses footsteps which will leave similar traces behind!

* The peasant Mielniczuk was decorated by the Emperor, because with his own hands he delivered up his son, a deserter, to the gend'armes.

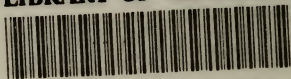
THE END.







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